MONTAGUE NEWBURGH;

OR,

The Mother and Son.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY ALICIA CATHERINE MANT,

AUTHOR OF

Ellen; or the Young Godmother, and Caroline Lismore: or the Errors of Fashion.

"If there be any one man to whom Religion is "more necessary at all times than it is to another, a "soldier is that man."

BP. HORNE.

VOLUME II.

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Montague Newburgh;

OR, THE

MOTHER AND SON.

CHAP. XXXIII.

And when regret shall trace thy name,
 And memory prompt my soul to weep ;
Hope shall unfold thy future fame,
 And hush each throbbing pulse to sleep.

ROBERTS.

THE time for Manners Lenville's admission at Sandhurst was now arrived, and the parting between the brothers was a trial for both of them : they had never before been separated, and, different as they were in disposition, they felt a very strong attachment to each other.

In the absence of Mr. Lenville and Colonel Manners, Mrs. Newburgh hesitated in what manner to take her young charge to his new place of instruction. When

he went to be examined for admission, his uncle, who was then in England, had accompanied him; and, as he had already made his appearance before the governors, the attendance of a servant might be sufficient; yet she did not altogether like the idea of his going for the first time without a friend. Mr. Carlton did not wait Mrs. Newburgh's request to undertake the journey with his young friend: the rest of the party accompanied them to Southampton, in Montague's yacht, whence Manners, taking an affectionate leave of his friends, proceeded with Mr. Carlton to the place of his destination, and a fair wind carried the yacht back to the island.

The young people were not in very good spirits during the evening: they took their accustomed walk along the shore, but no jokes passed among them, and the tea-table did not summon the wonted smile to their countenances.

Mrs. Newburgh, to turn the attention of the youthful party into another channel, asked her son if he had nothing interesting to give them from his manuscript? The hint was sufficient; the ardour of British naval achievement chased the sadness which the echo of the last friendly adieu had occasioned in the heart of our

young sailor: William and Louisa recovered their spirits, under the influence of his example; and, looking forward with pleasure to the idea of meeting Manners again in the course of a few months, they forgot the pain of his absence, and participated in the amusement of the present hour.

"William, do you remember the victory gained by Admiral Duncan over the Dutch fleet in the year 1797?"

"I remember that there was such a victory," replied William, "but not much more. Will you give us some account of it?"

"Ah! do, dear Montague," said Louisa; "and, while you read, let me have your gloves; for I saw this morning they were full of holes."

"They *have* sprung a leak or two, I believe," replied Montague, gaily throwing them across to Louisa; "and I shall thank you for making them tight; but now for our brave Admiral."

"The Dutch fleet was in the Texel, was it not Montague," asked Louisa? "It remained there," replied Montague, "till Admiral Duncan was driven from his

station by the equinoctial gales, when it made its escape from the harbour."

Montague then read the account of the engagement, and was proceeding, according to Louisa's request, to read that of Lord Hood, when the footman entered the room, to say that Dame Batters wished to speak to his mistress. Mrs. Newburgh immediately went to inquire what the poor woman wanted, and finding her in much distress, a feeling for her situation put an end to reading for the evening.

Dame Batters was the mother of six children, for whom her husband gained a comfortable subsistence by his trade of a fisherman. The cause of her present uneasiness was the sudden illness of her two youngest children, whose state appeared so alarming, that she called on Mrs. Newburgh, to know "what she had better do about them."

Mrs. Newburgh determined to visit the little invalids, thinking perhaps the fears of a mother might have exaggerated the danger of their disorder, and that it might be unnecessary to send for the apothecary. She took her son with her; but, as the evening was closing, she left William and Louisa at home.

The cottage was not far distant, and she soon arrived at the humble dwelling; when, desiring Montague to wait for her below, she ascended the staircase with the mother of the sick children. They appeared to have so much fever, that she was fearful of recommending any thing for them to take; but, desiring their eldest brother to go with her compliments to Mr. Bolton, and say she should be obliged to him to meet her at his father's cottage as soon as possible, sat down to wait for his arrival. It was not long before the lad returned with Mr. Bolton, who, without hesitation, on examining the children, pronounced their disorder to be the measles, and recommended great care in their management; as from the height of the fever, with the slight appearance on the skin, he apprehended the disorder might have been checked in coming out. The mind of Dame Batters being somewhat relieved by the certainty "of what was the matter with them," as she said, and being comforted by Mrs. Newburgh's assurance, that any thing required for their comfort, during their illness, she should be happy to give her, the good woman begged madam would not stay any longer, but let Jem "run on afore with the lantern; for its got quite dark since you came," said she, as she looked out of her little casement; "I can't see land from water, not I, nor a mast-head from a tall tree; take care how

you come down the stairs," continued she, as she carried the light before Mrs. Newburgh.

"Do not leave the children," gently replied Mrs. Newburgh; "keep them very warm, and I will see you again early in the morning."

"God bless you, madam," said Dame Batters to Mrs. Newburgh, who would not allow her to come down stairs: "Good night, sir," added she to Mr. Bolton, who left the room immediately after.

Jem ran on before with the lantern, as his mother had directed, and, on returning to the cottage, carried such things as Mrs. Newburgh thought likely to be acceptable to the feverish palates of the little sufferers. Mr. Bolton sat a few minutes at Mrs. Newburgh's, when, on his taking leave, the little family retired for the night.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Send peace to her sad heart, and give her strength
In this dread trial.

ANON.

My mother!

COWPER.

THE disorder, with which Dame Batters' children had been seized, was of the most alarming sort: the poor children lay for some days without a chance of recovery, and the situation of the family was truly distressing. During this time, Mrs. Newburgh was not satisfied in sending for their relief those little comforts their situation required, but which their circumstances could not have allowed them to obtain; nor did she think the occasional visits of her servant, on whose kindness, however, she could perfectly rely, sufficient to shew the interest she took in the feelings of her poor neighbours. She frequently went herself to the cottage; she would sit by the bed-side of the little sufferers for hours together, and if her presence did not abate the disorder from which they were suf-

fering, it soothed and gratified the distressed feelings of their parents.

A visible change took place in both the children at the close of the fourth day; the fever of one of them rapidly abated, but that of the other increased to a delirious height: the poor baby lingered through the night, but in the morning, when its little sister was fast reviving, after the long and quiet sleep she had had, it died in the arms of the benevolent Mrs. Newburgh. That attention which had, during the life of the little sufferer, who had now found relief in death, been employed for its benefit, was now directed towards the mother, who, almost frantic with grief, began to wring her hands in the greatest agony.

Mrs. Newburgh gave directions to a neighbour, who came in to assist Dame Batters, to remain with the poor child who was just dead, and do what was necessary for the body; then exhorting the poor creature to pass her thoughts to the child who was recovering, took it in her arms, and led its mother into her other little bed-chamber. Dame Batters was not insensible to the kindness of Mrs. Newburgh, and while the tears still traced each other down her cheeks, exerted herself to assist in placing little Sally in her own bed. Then,

Mrs. Newburgh, finding her somewhat composed, returned home; and, first desiring the kind-hearted Betty to go and give what assistance she could at Dame Batters' cottage, retired much fatigued to her chamber. Little Sally Batters, having struggled through the violence of the disorder, recovered quickly from its ravages; Mrs. Newburgh assisted her mother in defraying the expenses of the baby's funeral; the poor cottagers were recovering their composure, and William Lenville was established in the house of Mr. Carlton, when an event happened which threw the whole neighbourhood into alarm, and threatened our young sailor with the severest affliction it was possible could visit him.

Mrs. Newburgh, in exercising her benevolence towards the family of the Batters', during the time the children were suffering from the measles, had not forgotten that she had never had the disorder herself; but, as she had nursed her own son, who had had it very full, though not dangerously, through every stage of the complaint, and as she had frequently since that time visited the cottages of the poor to carry relief to their children under the same circumstances, she had imagined herself perfectly secure from infection, and had attended the Batters' without the least alarm

for the consequences. She continued quite well for nearly a fortnight after the time when her attention had been first called to her poor neighbours, when, one evening, after returning from a long sail, she suddenly felt a violent head-ache, and was so extremely chilly, that she kept on her shawl after returning to the house.

Montague, who was never inattentive to any of his mother's actions, observed this little change in her dress at the tea-table: the appearance of her eyes also alarmed him; and, moving his chair close to hers, he said with much feeling:

"You are not well, dear mother; I am afraid we stayed too long on the water, and that you have taken cold."

"I have a little head-ache, my dear boy," replied Mrs. Newburgh, scarcely able to raise her heavy eyes towards the face of her son; "but it will go off again, I dare say, after tea." And she continued to fill the tea-cups, and endeavoured to appear cheerful.

But it was obviously a vain attempt. Louisa looked at Montague, and Montague returned the glance by

a melancholy shake of the head. Louisa then looked from him to Mrs. Newburgh, and was only prevented by Montague's supplicating eye from bursting into tears.

The tea-tray was removed, but Mrs. Newburgh found no relief to her head; and feeling that her shivering fits increased, she smiled faintly, and said she believed she must indulge herself with a long night's rest, and desired Montague to ring the bell.

"You will see Mr. Bolton, dear mother?" said Montague, as he complied with his mother's request.

"Oh! no, my dear boy," replied she, again endeavouring to be cheerful; "not for a little head-ache; you know it is a complaint I am subject to, and the wind was so strong to-day, that I am not at all surprised at having one this evening."

"Not such a head-ache as this," thought Montague; but he said nothing; and Franklin now entering the room, his mother went immediately up stairs, saying, as she left the young people, that if she was not asleep when they went to bed, they should come and bid her good night.

"My mother is worse than she will allo , I am sure," said Montague, as Franklin shut the d r; "I have a great mind to run and fetch Mr. Bolton."

"I think you had better," replied Louisa: "for she looks very ill. Suppose you ask Mr. Carlton's advice first," continued she, quite sobered into reflection by her alarm for her kind friend.

"That I will do directly," replied Montague, immediately running into the passage for his hat. At the bottom of the stair-case he met Franklin, who was coming down to fetch something her mistress wanted.

"How is she," eagerly exclaimed Montague? Franklin looked distressed, but hesitated to reply. "Tell me," said the affectionate boy; "is not she very ill? and had we not better send for Mr. Bolton?"

"Oh! yes, sir," replied Franklin, eagerly; perfectly aware that her mistress ought to have medical assistance; "but my mistress will not allow me to send for Mr. Bolton."

"If that is the case, do not send: but I will go myself, and I am sure she will not refuse to see him."

"Oh! no, sir, that she will not, I am certain, if you bring him," answered Franklin, her eyes following her young master with respectful admiration, as he opened the front door, and shut it gently after him.

Montague stopped a few moments at Mr. Carlton's; and as that gentleman concurred in the propriety of the step he proposed taking, he ran on to Mr. Bolton's, whose house was situated about a mile farther, and within an hour from the time his mother went up to her room, Montague was at her bed-side with Mr. Bolton.

Mrs. Newburgh could not be displeased with this mark of her son's attention; and, seeing a tear start from his eye, which he could not repress, she took his hand, and pressing it between her own, told him not to be alarmed, for that she doubted not Mr. Bolton would give her something, which, under the blessing of Providence, would quickly afford her relief. She said this to relieve the mind of her son; but she felt her illness increasing so rapidly, that she did not really expect a favourable change would take place so soon; and, indeed, from the symptoms that appeared in her dinner, she began to suspect whether she was not sickening with the same malady, for the relief of which her benevolence had been so lately exerted.

Her suspicions were too true: though she had been frequently proof against its attacks on former occasions, she had taken, the infection on the first night she was called to the Batters'; it had ever since lain dormant in her blood; and, having received a sudden check from a long exposure to the wind, when it was first endeavouring to throw itself out, it was now taking a most alarming turn; and Mr. Bolton could not conscientiously say that the symptoms were not dangerous. Bleeding, and every other remedy that the skill of Mr. Bolton could suggest, were immediately resorted to, but without producing the desired effect; and before the expiration of four-and-twenty hours, she, who in her amiable disposition united the characters of the affectionate mother, the kind-hearted mistress, the faithful friend, the pleasing companion, the guide to the uninstructed, and the general benefactor to the poor, lay on her bed in a pitiable state of fever and delirium, without even recognizing the features of her beloved child, who remained immoveable by the side of her pillow.

It is impossible to describe the feelings awakened in the neighbourhood by the illness of this amiable woman. There was not an eye that did not weep, not a heart that did not silently offer a prayer to Heaven

for her recovery. The fishermen, who sat washing their nets, looked with melancholy countenances towards the house, in hopes that somebody might bring them a better account of madam; their wives, whilst employed in the simple cares of their cottage, talked of nothing but "the good lady," and "poor dear young master;" and the children left their play, or threw down their spelling-books, to listen to the mournful story of their dear lady's illness. A neighbour did not pass, but he was called in, to know if he had heard any thing lately; and if he could give no recent information, at least he could add some trait of madam's benevolence, to swell the grateful feelings of the group before him.

In the midst of this distress, Mr. and Mrs. Carlton were not idle or uninterested spectators: the former scarcely ever left the house of Mrs. Newburgh, and the latter only to give necessary attention to the babe she was nursing. Their appearance, or that of Mr. Bolton, on the shore, was watched with eagerness by all the cottagers, and they answered the sincere inquiries made by these honest people, with a kindness, which shewed how deeply they participated in their feelings. As for poor little Louisa, she wandered about from one part of the house to another, in the

utmost distress. She was the first evening allowed to go into Mrs. Newburgh's room; but her agitation was so great on witnessing the distressing state of her friend, that Mr. Carlton thought it better, on every account, she should be kept away: but she had little sleep at night, and could eat nothing in the course of the day.

At the approach of the second night, Mr. Bolton, observing the disorder to increase in dangerous symptoms, suggested to Mr. Carlton the propriety of informing Lord Penhurst of the state in which his niece lay, and also said he should feel a satisfaction in having the advice of a physician. Mr. Carlton concurred entirely in both these propositions; but, thinking it right to mention them to Montague, endeavoured to draw him from his mother's pillow.

"No, never," replied the distressed boy, while he fell in an agony by the side of his mother; "I know she cannot live——I know she does not know her Montague; but, while she breathes, nothing shall take her Montague from her."

The pressure of her son on her bed, disturbed the irritated mind of Mrs. Newburgh; she pushed him violently from her, and he fell on the floor.

"Oh! my mother," exclaimed the agitated boy, as Mr. Carlton raised him; and, with the assistance of Mr. Bolton, disengaged him from the bed-curtain, which he had caught hold of; " they want to tear me away from you."

But he did not resist his friends, who led him out of the room; and, in a few moments, he burst into tears.

"You shall return to your mother, my dear boy," said Mr. Carlton, tenderly, "in a few minutes, nor would I have taken you from her for a moment, had I not wished to consult you on a plan that Mr. Bolton has proposed for her relief."

"Do you think any thing can be done, sir?" exclaimed Montague, eagerly turning towards Mr. Bolton.

Mr. Bolton was so affected that he could not reply.

"My dear Montague," again said Mr. Carlton, as calmly as his feelings would allow him, "it is not for us to say, what is, or what is not, possible to be done for the relief of your beloved mother. Her

life is in the hands of a most merciful and just God; who will either continue, or cut it off, as he shall think best. It would be a piece of cruelty, to which neither Mr. Bolton nor I would be accessary, to tell you that your mother is not in extreme danger; but, while we all feel and lament this to be the case, it is not for us utterly to despair of a favourable termination to her disorder; nor, by giving way to the violence of our feelings, render ourselves incapable of using those exertions for her recovery, which, under the blessing of Providence, may prove ultimately successful. That your feelings are in a state which it is scarcely possible for those to conceive, who have not been exposed to such a trial as you are now under, I should do injustice to the tenderness of your disposition, not to believe: but, my dear boy, situated as you are, and from the good sense you possess, there is something more expected from you than this indulgence of your own distress. You may not have observed it, but, I assure you, there is not a servant who does not look to you for directions; not one who does not watch your countenance for the encouragement of his hopes, and the confirmation of his fears. They are now so completely dispirited, that, if you do not make an effort to exert yourself, they will probably soon become incapable of giving

all the attention in the sick room which is so absolutely required; and, I assure you, the only reason which induced Mr. Bolton and myself to call you for a few minutes from your mother, is, that we look to you to sanction the steps we are wishing to take, in consequence of your dear mother's increased indisposition."

Montague sobbed without ceasing on the shoulder of Mr. Carlton, while that gentleman was speaking to him; but he collected comfort and courage from what he said, and promised to exert himself to the utmost. Satisfied with the effect he saw produced on his young friend, Mr. Carlton now spoke on the subjects he had been discussing with Mr. Bolton, and Barlow was immediately sent for Will Bowman, who was to undertake with his companions, Jack and Peter Hopkins, the two commissions. They were to take their young master's yacht to Southampton, whence Bowman was to proceed express to London to Lord Penhurst; while the other two were to return with a physician to the island, and were to be again at Southampton, to wait the arrival of Lord Penhurst and Bowman.

This plan being arranged, before Montague re-

turned to his mother's room, he joined with sincere earnestness in the prayers for her recovery, which Mr. Carlton kindly read with him: as many of the servants as could be spared from attendance on their mistress, were invited to join in this act of devotion; and when Montague again took his place by his mother's pillow, he gazed on her distressed countenance with more calmness and composure.

Lord Penhurst, who perhaps, though he might not have allowed the fact, had been wishing for some excuse to take another flight to the island, hesitated not to comply with the request he received from his nephew, couched in terms of filial tenderness and distress, to come and see his dying mother. He was affected beyond what he thought it possible he could be, on learning the dangerous state in which lay the only woman he had ever taken the trouble to think amiable; and, as he told his man to have an additional pair of horses put on, lest the delay of a few hours might be of consequence, he felt a tear trickle down his cheek.

Bowman was still in the room, waiting his lordship's orders; and Lord Penhurst, recollecting that his feelings had prevented his taking any notice of his

nephew's messenger, now asked him if he was to go back directly?

"Directly I've got your letter, my lord," replied the sailor; "except there's no answer, my lord, as you're going yourself."

Lord Penhurst had only asked this question to disguise his own sensations, and to such an indifferent one, Bowman could give a speedy answer. But when Lord Penhurst, on recovering himself, and thinking that the sailor could give him more information respecting his niece than the letter afforded, asked him, "What was the last account of Mrs. Newburgh?" the honest fellow's lips quivered as he attempted to speak, and he could only shake his head with a sorrowful and distressed look.

Lord Penhurst again caught the infection, but recovering himself said, "You had better go, get something to eat, and be ready to start with me in half an hour: I suppose you can ride in the dickey?"

Bowman bowed to his lordship; on the arrival of the carriage, took his place in the dickey, and in the

middle of the third night of Mrs. Newburgh's illness, Lord Penhurst arrived under the roof of his niece.

The physician from Southampton had found his patient in so alarming a state, that he gave it as his decided opinion that her recovery must not be expected; however, more for the satisfaction of her surrounding friends, than with any hope of success, he changed the medicines she had been taking, and consented to await in the island an event which must be very shortly decided. His opinion on the case of Mrs. Newburgh remained unchanged, when Lord Penhurst arrived, and Montague was summoned to receive his uncle.

The poor boy was much changed since Lord Penhurst's last visit to the island. Three nights and days of watching and anxiety had chaced the colour from his cheeks, and the expression of his eyes had acquired such a sadness, that it was distressing to look at him. From the efforts he made to preserve his presence of mind, and from his constant trust in the goodness of Providence, he had regained the composure necessary to support him in the trial to which he was exposed; and when he left his mother's bedside for a moment, on hearing of the arrival of Lord

Penhurst, he entered the room where his lordship was sitting, with a firmness that astonished Mr. Carlton. The sight of his uncle, however, spoke so immediately to his feelings, and he read so unexpected a share of concern in his countenance, that he was unable to command his emotion any longer, but, throwing himself into his uncle's arms, faintly articulated, "My poor mother!"

Lord Penhurst was forcibly and deeply affected: he could only say in reply to this appeal to his feelings, "My poor boy!" and dropped his head sobbing on the shoulder of his nephew.

Montague was the first to recover, and leading his uncle to the sofa, took the hand which was offered him.

"Is she no better?" at length said Lord Penhurst. Montague shook his head.

"Shall I go and see her?" asked Lord Penhurst.

"She will not know you, uncle," mournfully replied Montague.

Lord Penhurst, however, still wishing to see his niece, Mr. Carlton accompanied him up stairs, and Montague once more took his station by his mother's pillow.

Lord Penhurst looked alternately at his niece and his nephew for some time without speaking; then, turning to Mr. Carlton, he said, "How long, sir, has she been in this melancholy state?"

"This is the third night, my lord," replied Mr. Carlton.

Lord Penhurst lowered his voice, "How is that boy supported through this severe trial?"

"By that dependence on the will of Providence, and on the promises of his Saviour, it has always been the first care of his beloved mother to inculcate in him," replied Mr. Carlton.

"Does he never leave her?" asked Lord Penhurst, still speaking in a whisper.

"Never," replied Mr. Carlton, "unless it is ab-

solutely necessary we should consult him, or to offer prayers for her recovery."

Lord Penhurst was silent for some time: then again speaking in a whisper, while he looked with a distressed countenance at his niece, he said,

"Can we do nothing for her, sir?"

"We can do nothing but pray for her, my lord."

Lord Penhurst immediately sank down on his knees, and, hiding his face in the coverlid of his niece's bed, silently offered a prayer to Heaven in her behalf.

Montague saw the movement, and reflecting on the conversation he had had with his mother, on the subject of his uncle, sighed that she could not see the effect her situation had produced on his mind; then, looking up to Heaven, added a hearty "Amen" to the petition of his uncle.

Mr. Carlton now begged Lord Penhurst would take some refreshment after his journey; and his lordship, telling his nephew he should return shortly,

followed Mr. Carlton down stairs; Montague, Mrs. Carlton, and two maid-servants, remaining with Mrs. Newburgh.

For some time the patient continued very much disturbed, constantly calling out for her husband and son, and asking why they did not come to her when she called them; but just as Montague was going to desire Betty would call the doctor, and say he thought his mother was much worse, she suddenly sunk down on the arm of her son, and fell into a deep sleep.

This was in all probability the important crisis, but, for the first moment, Montague considered it fatal. It is impossible to describe his agony on first receiving his mother on his arm; for he conceived that her violent delirium was the last effort of expiring nature, and that she had now breathed her last. The next moment, however, was as delightful as the last was painful; he heard her breathe, he saw her countenance composed, he held up his finger to Mrs. Carlton and the servants that they should be still, and whispering to them, his countenance brightening with hope, "she sleeps!" he raised his eyes to Heaven, and burst into tears.

Mrs. Carlton, deeply interested in the event of her beloved friend's illness, received this declaration with much emotion. She could not but consider it as a favourable symptom, and looked with relieved tenderness on the mother who was so calmly sleeping on the arm of her son: making, therefore, a signal to the servants, who were both drowned in tears of joy, not to move lest they should disturb their mistress, she went as gently as possible out of the room, to prevent any sudden opening of the door that might awake her.

From Mrs. Carlton's appearance in the drawing-room, where Lord Penhurst and her husband were sitting with the Dr. and Mrs. Bolton, a circumstance very different from that she came to communicate was apprehended to have taken place. Her eyes were suffused with tears, and every anxious countenance expressed what it was dreaded she was going to relate. Little Louisa, who could not be persuaded to go to bed, ran to her, and clasped her arms round her, while Mr. Carlton approached her with a calm but distressed air.

"I think we may hope," were the first words that Mrs. Carlton could articulate. Immediately a strik-

ing change was visible on every countenance; and the doctor, though he begged the friends of Mrs. Newburgh to be cautious how they indulged this feeling to too great an extent, yet told them that the present sleep was the most favourable symptom that could have occurred, and that there certainly appeared a very great probability of her recovery. This confirmation of the hope, which might be cherished from the present state of the patient, was gratefully received by her friends; poor little Louisa was almost wild with joy; and when Mrs. Carlton gently re-entered the room of the invalid, the watchful and affectionate Montague drew increasing comfort from the same intelligence.

Mrs. Newburgh remained in a comfortable and calm sleep during the space of eight hours; the whole of which time, Montague continued in the same posture without moving, and scarcely venturing to breathe. None but they who have watched like him by the side of a parent, whose fate seemed depending on a hair, can understand the state of mind in which our young sailor was during these long eight hours, hanging with filial fondness to the side of hope, but submissively resigning the event to Providence; none but those who have, like him, been exposed to the

distressing spectacle of a beloved parent, lying nearly three days and nights in a delirium, which [illegible] the recognition of the dearest object of her [illegible] can comprehend the sublime feeling of [illegible] gratitude he experienced, when, at the expiration of this time, his mother, awaking from the calm and refreshing sleep in which she had been wrapt, recognized the features of her child; and said, in a faint and feeble voice, as she put her arm round his neck;

"My Montague!"

"Dearest mother!" were all the words with which her child could reply.

"I have been very ill, my dear boy, I believe," again said his mother.

Montague was so affected at hearing his mother's voice addressed to him with her wonted recollection and tenderness, that he could scarcely speak; but he replied as firmly as he could,

"Yes, my dear mother, you have been very ill, but, I thank God, you are much better. You must not exert yourself too much."

"Where is Mr. Carlton?" asked Mrs. Newburgh.

Mrs. Carlton, who was standing on the outside of the bed-curtain, immediately withdrew to fetch him, and bringing Mr. Bolton with him, he found the fever of his patient so much abated, that he said he could almost venture to pronounce her out of danger. It was with great caution that the physician and Lord Penhurst were mentioned; but when they were, Mrs. Newburgh expressed no dislike to see the former, and much wished that the latter should pay her a visit. For the present, however, it was thought right to introduce only the doctor, who, confirming the favourable report that Mr. Bolton had made, recommended great care and caution, and departed.

After taking a little refreshment, Mrs. Newburgh again fell asleep; and when she awoke in the evening, feeling her head much clearer, and her powers of observation stronger, she could not help remarking the alteration which had taken place in the countenance of her son. If, however, her surprise lessened when, on inquiry, she found how long he had been confined to her bed-side, her feelings of tenderness and affection increased to a degree that almost overpowered her weak and debilitated frame: she besought him to

take some rest immediately; and till he promised that he would go to bed the approaching night, she did not again feel tolerably composed. On this evening, also, Lord Penhurst saw her, and addressed her with much kindness and affection: she was surprised at the concern she read in the countenance of her uncle, and, receiving him with the greatest tenderness, thanked him very sincerely for the trouble he had taken in coming to visit her during her illness; and the remembrance of this interview was never effaced from the mind of his lordship. Little Louisa, on her promising to repress her feelings as much as possible, was allowed to see her beloved friend for a few minutes; and her attention to the directions given her showed how sincerely she loved. Mrs. Newburgh embraced her with maternal fondness, and the poor child's tears and kisses were mingled on the cheek of her friend.

Before the arrangements for the night were made, Mrs. Newburgh, desiring to speak particularly to Mr. Carlton, begged him to read prayers with her, and to return thanks for the abatement of her disorder. During this act of devotion, only her son and uncle, whose presence she particularly requested, remained with her; for her nerves being yet delicate, it was feared a larger number would agitate them too much:

but, after Mr. Carlton had concluded with recommending his valued friend to the protection of Heaven, he descended to the drawing-room, where, assembling the whole family, excepting Montague, who remained for a short time the sole companion of his mother, he joined with them in returning thanks for the favour bestowed upon them in the preservation of the valuable life of Mrs. Newburgh; nor was there one among the group of dependants assembled together, whose tearful eyes bore not witness to the sincerity with which they joined in this humble adoration of the goodness of Providence, in the promised recovery of their dear mistress.

Montague, after taking a tender leave of his mother, retired to bed; Mr. and Mrs. Carlton, for the first time since Mrs. Newburgh's illness, both returned home; little Louisa went to sleep with a light heart; Lord Penhurst lay down on his pillow with softened affections, and more serious thoughts than usual; Franklin and Betty kept watch in the apartment of the invalid; and the closing night again afforded comfort and serenity to the inhabitants of the cottages of the Under-cliff.

CHAP. XXXV.

Awake, arise! with grateful fervour fraught.

ROGERS.

IF the intelligence of Mrs. Newburgh's illness had spread an universal gloom over the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, the news of the favourable change that had taken place was no sooner communicated, than corresponding feelings of joy were visible in every countenance. The fishermen again carried on their wonted employments with alacrity, their wives again were employed in the cares of their cottage, and the children, satisfied that "madam" was better, resumed their accustomed sports and gambols. Among all the poor families who had felt sorrow at Mrs. Newburgh's illness, that of the Batters' had been the most distressed; for they reflected that it was from attending on their children, and administering comfort to them under affliction, that she had caught the disorder, which had taken so alarming a turn; nor till they were convinced that the dear lady was getting better again, did they feel an interval of happiness.

Either Batters or his wife was constantly planted at the wicket which led into the shrubbery. They watched alternately, and alternately went home to take care of their family; and neither the hot autumnal sun in the day, nor the darkness of the night, prevented the constancy with which they remained eager to obtain the first piece of intelligence which might bring relief to their distress.

The first messenger of joy to Dame Batters, whose turn it was to keep watch by the wicket, was Peter Hopkins, who, having sat in the kitchen almost stupified with grief, ever since his return with Lord Penhurst, on receiving the first intimation of the favourable change that had taken place, half wild with joy, was running to carry the pleasing news to Will Bowman's cottage. It was the middle of the night. Dame Batters heard somebody come through the wicket, but not being able to see, she supposed it to be one of the gentlemen.

"What news of madam, sir," said she, as Peter brushed hastily by her.

"Better, better, thank God!" was all that Peter could stop to say: but it was enough for Dame Bat-

ters; she sunk on her knees on the strand, and earnestly exclaiming, Peter Hopkins! "thank God!" hid her face, suffused with tears of joy, in her apron. Then hastening home, she informed her husband of the joyful news, and endeavoured to compose herself to sleep. Hopkins was as welcome a visitor at Bowman's cottage as Dame Batters was at her own; nor did Peter Hopkins stop here. He ran on to Mr. Carlton's, "to put," as he said, "Master Lenville out of his fright;" then found out his friend Jack Lewis; then went to the school-master and the school-mistress; then to the cottage of such a neighbour, then to that of another; in fact, the whole vicinity were in possession of the delightful intelligence before Peter returned to his mistress, when the servants at length persuaded him to go to bed.

Mrs. Newburgh's recovery was not rapid, but was not on that account less certain: the height of her fever had been so great, that the consequent debility was extreme, and the utmost caution was requisite to prevent the danger of a relapse. Nothing could exceed the tenderness and attention of Montague during the whole time of his mother's gradual recovery: constantly at her call, never weary of waiting on her, and ever anticipating every wish she formed, he scarcely gave her an opportunity of feeling how de-

pendant her weakness had rendered her, and scarcely left room for a reflection, but on the blessing she enjoyed in the possession of such a son, and for the constant exercise of her gratitude to the Almighty for his goodness in having preserved her life through so violent an illness, and had supported her son through so severe a trial. But if Mrs. Newburgh felt such delight in the affections of her son, and Montague's feelings were so gratified in thus giving up his time to wait on his mother; the mother and son were not so engrossed by the mutual indulgence of the maternal and filial affections, as to be insensible of the fidelity and attachment which had been evinced by every individual who had been interested for them in their late distress. Every servant was treated, both by mother and son, with increased confidence and esteem, and every cottager received an early visit from Montague, to testify his own and his mother's sense of the feeling they had shewn during the illness of Mrs. Newburgh.

The alarm into which they had been thrown on her account, increased the affection which Mr. and Mrs. Carlton felt for their valued friend, while the kind attention she received from them during her confinement was an increasing claim on her friendship and esteem. To observe the interest with which Lord Penhurst

entered into every progressive advance of his niece towards her recovery,—to witness the numberless little attentions he daily paid her,—to mark the seriousness with which he joined in the prayers, which for many weeks Mr. Carlton continued to read with Mrs. Newburgh's family,—would have excited a doubt in one unacquainted with his lordship, or the fact of his late abstraction from the affections of the heart, and his contempt of all religious worship. Mrs. Newburgh silently observed the alteration with delight and gratitude; and the delicate and affectionate regard, with which she received and returned her uncle's attentions, secured the possession of his affections. His attachment to her became every day more confirmed, his admiration of his nephew hourly increased, and his delight at the affection with which Louisa waited on his niece, and the playful vivacity and ready wit with which she always met his jokes, were only equalled by the conduct of Louisa in listening to the blunt remarks, and answering the witty sayings of the very droll old gentleman.

As Mrs. Newburgh began to mend, William Lenville, who had not been less interested than her other friends during her illness, paid a daily visit to her apartment: she received the affectionate boy with kind and sincere

expressions of regard; and commissioned Montague to forward the same to Manners, whose frequent letters had testified the interest he felt in the illness of his dear friend.

Thus was the cloud dispersed which had threatened to burst over the head of our young sailor: thus was happiness restored to the neighbourhood of the Undercliff; and, leaning on the arms of her uncle and her son, Mrs. Newburgh was at length able to take short walks on the sea-shore. How sincere were the expressions of joy she saw in the eye of every neighbouring cottager who chanced to meet her in these walks! How significant of respectful congratulation the motion of the hand to the hat! Not one of these little marks of attention passed unnoticed by her to whom they were offered, nor by Montague, who equally felt their value. Though Mrs. Newburgh still felt unequal to the exertion of conversing with them, she knew how to answer by the expressive language of a smile, or the intelligent acknowledgment of her eye; while Montague, in returning the salutations which were directed to his mother, omitted not to shew by some personal inquiry the sense he entertained of their attentions.

Montague, to express his joy and thankfulness at his mother's recovery, was anxious that the neighbouring poor should partake in his feelings, by having some

treat, similar to that they received on his birth-day: but, on consideration, it was determined that this would be a bad plan, as the fatigue occasioned by it might be too much for the invalid, who was yet far from having recovered her usual strength. It was therefore settled, that meat and beer should be distributed among them: and this was to be done on the Sunday on which Mrs. Newburgh intended to make her first appearance at church, and offer her sincere and public acknowledgments for the recovery of her health.

On the arrival of the day, her heart swelling with feelings of gratitude, her countenance impressed with humble confidence in the Divine mercy, leaning on the arm of her son, surrounded by her friends, and respectfully followed by her servants, did our amiable widow again join the congregation, which she had been prevented joining nearly two months, where her present appearance was an additional claim on the grateful offerings which every individual was about to offer to the throne of the Almighty. There was not one who did not participate in her feelings, not one who did not heartily join in her offering of thanksgiving, not one who did not silently breathe a prayer for the welfare of the mother and her son.

CHAP. XXXVI.

A wit that temperately bright,
With inoffensive light
All pleasing shone.

LYTTLETON.

MRS. Newburgh's health continued to improve; but she did not recover her strength rapidly; and, at the approach of the winter, Mr. Bolton advised her to remove for change of air to a residence less exposed to wind and cold than that she at present occupied. Attached to the spot, in which during the two last years, by the exercise of her religious principles and excellent understanding, she had regained that tranquillity of mind and spirits which had been so sadly interrupted by the death of her husband, Mrs. Newburgh heard this advice with regret. But she considered it her duty to follow a prescription which seemed absolutely necessary for the perfect recovery of her health, and she hesitated not on determining to remove to a place less exposed than that where she now resided. Lord Penhurst, who became daily more attached to his niece

and nephew, more charmed with the quickness and gaiety of Louisa, and more reconciled to the world, was still in the island, but was thinking reluctantly of a return to London, and anticipating the gloomy reflections and restless disposition that awaited him there, when Mr. Bolton's advice to Mrs. Newburgh was reported to his lordship.

"Then do come and take care of your poor old uncle," said Lord Penhurst, starting from his melancholy reverie, and brightening at the idea.

Mrs. Newburgh, if obliged to leave her present abode, knew of none more acceptable than that of her uncle; as, during her continued residence with him, she looked forward with pleasure to seeing the misanthropic disposition he had so long indulged more completely subdued, and a contrary principle more strongly confirmed.

"I will certainly, if you wish it," replied Mrs. Newburgh; "no change, I am certain, would give me more pleasure. But are you quite sure you should like so large a party as we shall be?" continued she, looking towards Montague and Louisa, who were both engaged near her at the table; "besides," added she, "for-

a few weeks, the addition of two more; for I could not disappoint William and Manners of the Christmas holidays."

"Oh! let them all come," replied Lord Penhurst; "and, as for the little maid opposite, I do not know whether I shall not take her for better for worse, and keep her there, for she can always make me laugh in the middle of the hardest twinges; hey, little damsel, will you be my little Lady Penhurst?" added his lordship, facetiously, as he looked across the table at his little favourite.

Montague, who was much amused at the joke, jumped up from the table, and making a low bow to Louisa, said:

"Allow me to congratulate your ladyship."

"Stop, till I am Lady Penhurst, sir, if you please," replied Louisa, patting Montague gently on the cheek with the feather of a pen; then, turning gaily to Lord Penhurst, while she pointed her pen at Montague, she said, "You must teach that gentleman a little civility, my lord, before I accept your offer; for I should not wish to have him for my great nephew, till I was quite sure he would treat me with proper dignity and respect."

"But you will come and visit me, at least?" again asked his lordship of Louisa, just as she was again trying to settle herself to her drawing.

"Oh! yes," replied Louisa, "and give you leave to laugh at me all day long; but then I hope you will not have the gout all day long," added she tenderly.

"I hope not, indeed," said Mrs. Newburgh, who then proceeded to converse with her uncle, on the number of servants she had better take with her, and other little arrangements required for their journey; while Montague's attention was again given to his quadrants and sextants, and Louisa's to her drawing-book.

The young people were much divided in their wishes respecting this proposed journey to London. They were to leave so much to regret, that, if the health of Mrs. Newburgh had not been a question in the debate, and they had been left to decide, they would both of them have preferred a third winter under the Cliff. But this consideration was immediately decisive, in reconciling not only Montague, but Louisa to the arrangement; and the former was now engaged in giving a double share of attention to Mr. Carlton's instruc-

tions, that he might not feel the approaching interruption to their studies more than could be avoided.

During the conversation between his uncle and mother, Montague remained entirely engrossed by the subject before him: not so, however, Louisa. She had been very attentively copying a little group of figures, for which study she shewed a very decided talent, till Lord Penhurst, in speaking of the journey to London, had begun joking with her in his accustomed manner; but her attention once diverted by a droll idea, although previously engaged on an interesting subject, it required more resolution than she was yet mistress of, to settle herself stedfastly to the same employment. She did indeed try, but his lordship's joke about his little Lady Penhurst had so amused her, that it still intruded itself upon her thoughts. However, she endeavoured to divest herself of the idea; yet was continually turning up her eyes to the long wrinkled visage and little sharp sunk eyes of Lord Penhurst, and was scarcely able to repress within the limits of a smile the emotion which, in her present risible mood, it occasioned her to feel. The age of Lord Penhurst was about sixty-five; the misanthropic feelings he had indulged through many years of his life had ever outstepped the natural effects of time, in tracing the lines of old age on his counte-

nance; and an additional character had, since his residence in the island, been added to his figure, by a circumstance, the occasion of which, when known, was highly honourable to his lordship's feelings, but certainly did not add to the symmetry or beauty of his appearance.

The usual shape in which he wore his hair being somewhat singular, he only, who was in the habit of dressing it, was capable of giving it the regular row of curls round the pole, which it was his peculiar fashion to wear. In adjusting it in this shape, his own man by constant practice had become very expert, and when he was at home the curls were constantly arranged with great neatness. But on being summoned hastily from London to attend, as he imagined, the death-bed of his niece, considering that an additional man-servant in the family might prove an incumbrance, he very considerately left his own at home; and having taken a great fancy to the "honest sailor," as he called Barlow, who had kindly undertaken the office of his valet-de-chambre, he had not thought it worth while to send for his own. Now, however clever Barlow had been at his gun, or however faithful to his captain, he had about as much idea of curling a head of hair, as he had of ornamenting a lady's head-dress; so that,

although he daily went through the ceremony of heating the irons and singeing his lordship's hair, yet the only consequence which resulted from his exertions was, that every time he operated, the curls became less closely rolled, and at length they were literally arrived at the ultimatum of burlesque, by hanging in dishevelled patches on the collar of his lordship's coat.

Louisa had frequently observed this unbeau-like appearance of Lord Penhurst; indeed it had been generally remarked on; but, as he was now so shortly to return home, and as the native humour and anecdote of his "sailor-valet" was a daily source of amusement, he was contented to put up with the inconvenience of an occasional burning, and a little raillery from the little merry blue-eyed maid, as he frequently called Louisa.

But Louisa on this day was more alive to the ridiculous than ever. Every succeeding time when she looked up from her drawing-book, she contrasted the figure of Lord Penhurst with that of the proposed little Lady Penhurst; and the idea at length so completely engrossed her, that, turning over the leaf of her book, she made a sketch of his lordship's figure with the utmost attention to character, and in a very spirited

manner, but in a high style of caricature. She put into his lordship's hand a coronet, with the word "Penhurst" annexed, on which she represented him to be offering to an elegant little girl, whom she had also sketched in a very pretty style, and who was meant to represent herself.

It was indeed a dangerous talent for which she was thus exhibiting a taste; but it was in this its first attempt perfectly free from malice or ill-nature, and unaccompanied with any idea but that of an innocent jest. As a proof of this, she had not the slightest wish of concealing the source of her amusement; but as soon as she had completed her sketch, without ever shewing it to Montague, she ran round with eagerness to Lord Penhurst, and, looking at him with the most good-humoured gaiety, shewed him the production she held in her hand.

"Capital!" cried his lordship; "I declare I never saw any thing better in my life; why, child, how long have you been doing this?"

"Only just now, my lord," answered Louisa, as her eye followed her performance to Mrs. Newburgh, to whom Lord Penhurst presented it.

"Is it not capital?" continued his lordship to his niece. "Look, Montague; come and look at me and my Lady Penhurst."

Montague immediately joined the party who were looking at the paper, and agreed with his uncle that it was inimitably done. Mrs. Newburgh also gave her little friend full credit for the possession of a talent, which she had never seen her exercise before; but with her eyes fully open to the danger of cultivating a propensity to burlesque the singularities of others, she could not conscientiously see such a disposition shew itself, without cautioning her little friend against indulging it.

"Do not be alarmed, my dear girl," said she to Louisa, after having given her due praise for the execution of her performance, "if, after what I have said, in admiration of the talent you have just surprised me with, I beg you would never exercise it again. You have made this little sketch, I know, quite innocently, and with the exclusive wish of producing a subject of amusement for our little circle. You have, I acknowledge, succeeded admirably, and my uncle being kind enough to take the joke as you meant it, nothing unpleasant has arisen from it. But

I must tell you, there are very few people who like to be made the subject of a caricature; many, perhaps, who would never forgive you for such an amusement at their expense: indeed, it is not impossible that you might never again make an attempt of this sort, without its producing some unpleasant consequences. Therefore, my dear child, although I look upon this sketch, with which you have just amused us, as executed with perfect harmlessness, far from wishing to encourage you in giving us any farther entertainment in this way, I must hope that you will refrain from repeating it. If you should have a talent for taking real likenesses of your friends, as I think you certainly will have, do so; but never allow yourself to indulge in caricature."

Louisa listened with great attention to what Mrs. Newburgh said, and when she concluded, to show her willingness to attend to her arguments, took the sketch, and was on the point of tearing it.

"Stay," said Mrs. Newburgh, holding her hand; "I thank you for your willingness to oblige me, but I would not ask such a sacrifice as that. I should like to keep this sketch, both as a specimen of your

genius, and a memento of the willingness with which you listen to my advice."

Louisa, delighted at Mrs. Newburgh's kind expressions, laid the paper in her friend's work-box; kissed her cheek with much tenderness, and was returning to her drawing; but Mrs. Newburgh said with a smile, as she looked at her watch:

"You have no time left for your drawing now, I believe; we must look forward to more serious thoughts to-morrow."

"It was all my fault," said Lord Penhurst, who had been silent during his niece's conversation with Louisa, equally pleased with the mild and convincing manner with which Mrs. Newburgh expressed her opinions, and the sweetness and docility with which the little girl received advice. "It was all my fault," said he, as he walked across the room, and kissed the cheek of his little blue-eyed maid; "I had no business to place my fascinating figure before her, just as she was taking her lessons." Louisa, who really loved the droll old gentleman, received his salutation with much good-humour, and then tripped out of the room with her pencils and drawings.

"Leave the door open for me, love," said Montague, as he packed up his books; then following his little friend out of the room, he left Lord Penhurst and Mrs. Newburgh, who finished their arrangements for the approaching journey.

CHAP. XXXVII.

O happy age! when hope's unclouded ray
Lights their green path, and prompts their simple mirth;
Ere yet they feel the thorns that lurking lay,
To wound the wretched pilgrims of the earth.

MRS. C. SMITH.

THE plan of the journey fixed, in which it was settled that Barlow and Franklin should accompany their mistress to London, and the rest of the servants remain in the island; as the winter was now drawing near, Mrs. Newburgh was anxious to take the journey before the cold weather was likely to set in. That the poor people in the neighbourhood might not feel her absence, in the loss of those little comforts she had since her residence among them been in the habit of affording them at Christmas, she gave directions to Betty to provide a dinner at home on that day for those she had invited on former occasions, and left with her some articles of bedding and wearing apparel to distribute among others; she paid a visit to both her little schools, exhorting all

the young people to be good and diligent during her absence; and she bade adieu in person to every cottager with whom she had any acquaintance.

Every thing being so far arranged, Mr. and Mrs. Carlton took an affectionate leave of their friends, to whose loss during the approaching dreary season they were only reconciled by the idea of the benefit it was likely to prove to Mrs. Newburgh. Both little Mary and the smiling Edward were brought to receive the parting caresses of their friends; and while Lord Penhurst reflected on the sincere and affectionate regard with which the two families separated, he wondered why he had imbibed such a prejudice against mankind; why he had thought every body worthless, because he had himself met with false friends and disappointed hopes.

Neither the passage from the Isle of Wight to Southampton, nor the journey from Southampton to London, offered any thing worthy of remark. The former was taken in Montague's yacht, which Bowman and his companions, on receiving their young master's farewell, had orders to lay up for the winter on their return home; and the latter, in two post-chaises; for Lord Penhurst's carriage had been sent

back to London, and Mrs. Newburgh determined to leave her's in the island, the use of her uncle's being quite sufficient during her stay in London

The party arrived in Berkeley Square at a season of the year, when, to use a fashionable expression, there was nobody in town; and as Mrs. Newburgh did not intend to lengthen her absence from the island beyond the latter end of February in the following year, there would be few inducements to tempt her into company, even if she wished to join in the gay circle of fashion. She had many other reasons, however, for determining to pass the few months she was now come to spend in the metropolis in comparative retirement. She yet wore slight mourning for her husband; and while her sense of propriety forbade her joining in scenes of gaiety, during the time that her dress bore any allusion to her state of widowhood, her feelings on being again introduced to scenes and habitations where she had passed so many hours in his society, were a stronger claim to her attention. Besides the weight of this consideration, the comfort and happiness of her uncle, who still declined a regular round of visiting, though he was not so unwilling to form a select circle of acquaintance as formerly, were farther inducements to engage her to

form this resolution: his manners had become so much more conciliating, his disposition so much more amiable, and his principles appeared to have undergone so desirable a revolution, since his residence in her family, and his frequent interviews with Mr. Carlton, that she would have thought it her duty, even if her inclination had not prompted it, to ensure all these improvements by every attention in her power. Nor were her son and her little charge forgotten in forming this plan of seclusion from the world for the present winter: indeed, a consideration for them would have decided her in making this determination, even if no other had existed. As the constant guardian and instructress of both, she could not conscientiously, or with any comfort, have left them evening after evening, trust-worthy as she knew them to be, without companions, or with no other companions than servants; and that it would have been equally improper to have introduced them into company, one moment of reflection will make evident.

When Manners Lenville left Sandhurst for the Christmas vacation, William met him at Lord Penhurst's; and the boys, though they would have preferred their sledges, their skates, and their hoops, in the country, passed their time very pleasantly. During

their stay, Mrs. Newburgh took the young people to places of public amusement, calculated to give pleasure at their age. In the evenings, to laugh at the whimsical buffoonery of Grimaldi, to follow with eager astonishment the nimble harlequin through his various and rapid metamorphoses, and to be pleased with the more fascinating and regular arrangement of action in the changes of the ballet: in the mornings, to such spectacles and exhibitions as were at that period open for the gratification of public curiosity. When the weather would not allow them to go out, there were infinite sources of rational amusement within doors; and in the large saloon which opened into the drawing-room, Mrs. Newburgh would frequently join them in a game of battledore and shuttlecock, or in the more skilful management of the coronellas.

But though Mrs. Newburgh declined entering generally into company, during her visit to her uncle, she did not wish to seclude herself entirely from those among her acquaintance who chanced to be in town. She therefore gave directions to the servant, that she was at home after two o'clock; and with those friends with whom she was on terms of intimacy, and to whose house she could without

intrusion introduce her young family, she made no objection to spend a day occasionally. This change was a farther source of gratification to the young people, and William and Manners, on the commencement of their last week in London, looked with regret to the termination of their holidays.

"The next time we meet my brothers, it will be in the dear cottage of the Under-cliff, I hope," said Louisa, when, on the morning preceding her brothers' departure, she and Montague were talking of that event. "London is very well in its turn, and harlequins and pantaloons do very well to amuse us now and then; but to live where one can never have any exercise out of doors, but from the hall to the carriage, and from the carriage back to the hall; never to see the beautiful sun, but as it appears through the fog as a ball of fire; and in the evening, if we want to look at the starry heavens, to be obliged to run up stairs this way, and get a peep at one star at this window, then down again and up another staircase perhaps, to get a peep at another, instead of wrapping oneself up in a nice warm cloak, and walking on the sands to get a clear and open view of every different constellation; oh! this is not at all what it used to be in the island."

"I agree with you entirely," answered Montague, "and should never have wished to come to London, for any other reason than we did; but my mother has found so much benefit from the change, that I have been quite reconciled to giving up the freedom and enjoyment of the country for a time."

"Ah! dear Montague," said Louisa, fearing he might think her less considerate in regard to his mother than she really was; "I hope that you do not think I have *not* been reconciled? I am sure I had rather stay here all the year, much as I dislike being deprived of the use of my legs, and fond as I am of seeing a whole hemisphere of stars together at one time, than go into the country again before it was proper for your dear, dear mother."

"I am sure you had," replied Montague, putting his arm round the neck of his young friend; "but I hope there will be no occasion for this self-denial; for I believe my mother is quite as fond of the country as you and I are; and unless any thing happens to prevent it, I am sure she will make a point of being at home before my birth-day, which you know is in April."

"And there are only two months to April," replied

Louisa, escaping from Montague, and jumping about the room with delight; and then the flowers will all be blowing, the shrubs will all be looking so beautiful: Betty, and cook, and John, and coachman, will all be so glad to see us, and all the cottagers will be so happy again, and dear Mr. and Mrs. Carlton, and pretty little Mary, and the beautiful baby Edward"——and she was running out of the room singing, when at the door she met William and Manners, who had just been engaged with Mrs. Newburgh in her dressing-room, and were looking rather sorrowful at the idea of the approaching separation. Louisa's tone immediately changed: she put an arm round the neck of each of her brothers, and kissing them alternately, she led them to Montague, when the conversation again turned to an anticipation of the pleasures of the approaching summer, and the last day of the boys' vacation was not the least merry that they spent.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

As far as I could cast my eyes
Upon the sea, something, methought did rise
Like blueish mists, which still appearing more,
Took dreadful shapes,and thus mov'd towards the shore:
The object I could first distinctly view,
Was tall, straight trees, which on the water flew:
Wings on their sides instead of leaves did grow,
Which gather'd all the breath the winds could blow
And at their roots grew floating palaces,
Whose out-blow'd bellies cut the yielding seas!

DRYDEN.

BESIDES the small number of her friends, who occasionally visited Mrs. Newburgh, during her residence in London, one humble visitor made a request to see her soon after her arrival, who was not less welcome than these; and that was no other than Thomas Wake, who, as soon as he heard of "madam's" being in town, made bold to call, and ask after her and young master, and if she brought any news of his Tom. The honest fellow, after meeting with a gracious reception from the widow and son of his

captain, and hearing a good account of his child, was sent by Lord Penhurst to share the hospitality of his kitchen; and from this time his lordship's servants had orders to give him a hearty welcome whenever he might call. Wake used this discretionary permission with prudence; and his good behaviour and temperance, when he did make his appearance, caused him to be as well received by the servants, as their lord wished him to be.

During her present stay in London, Mrs. Newburgh improved her acquaintance with Mrs. Berkeley, the mother of the young man to whom her husband had been so kind a friend. She was a woman of slender fortune, and had been left a widow at an early period of life, with a large and young family; but being possessed of a strong mind and sound religious principles, she had struggled in an exemplary manner through the many difficulties to which her situation had exposed her; had met with many friends, who had assisted her in establishing a family of six sons in respectable situations in life; and after having had the satisfaction of seeing her youngest and most promising child, through the interest of Captain Newburgh, early promoted to the rank of captain, she now scarcely felt she had a care, and, with unbroken

spirits and a cheerful heart, now felt herself at liberty, as she said, to enjoy herself a little. Her respect for the memory of Captain Newburgh, heightened her admiration of his lovely widow, and she soon felt that sort of interest for the fine young sailor, as she called Montague, that she could almost fancy her own Frank was grown younger, or that she had another son to think about.

Mrs. Newburgh, finding in Mrs. Berkeley a warm-hearted and sincere friend, was pleased at an opportunity of cultivating her acquaintance; and she was always a welcome visitor at Lord Penhurst's; while Montague, delighted in shewing attention to the mother of a young man with whom he had been so much pleased, listened with great patience to her long stories, even when she did venture to tell them a third time; and Louisa was always glad when Mrs. Berkeley was expected to dine at Lord Penhurst's, because she said, "The good old lady was always so fat and so merry."

Thus the third winter passed rapidly over the heads of the mother and her son. Mrs. Newburgh felt her usual strength completely restored, and she only required the influence of a little fresh air, to restore the

roses to her cheeks, and their elastic spring to her spirits. Lord Penhurst was dreading the idea of being again left alone, and, in consideration of this feeling, his affectionate niece had extended her visit much beyond the time she at first proposed, till the bleak March wind was shortly expected to give place to the gentle showers of the milder April.

Mrs. Newburgh ventured a request to her uncle, that he would return with them to the island. This, however, at present was impossible; for there were debates of consequence in the house, from the discussion of which, his lordship, as a warm supporter of the ministry, could not be absent; but he at length told his niece, that, if she would promise to give him the next winter as she had given him the last, he would come down as soon as he could leave London, consistently with his duty in parliament. Mrs. Newburgh acceded to this proposal in part; but as the term for which she had let her house in Grosvenor-Square would then be expired, and she considered that it would be more comfortable to remove her whole establishment to town, than leave more than half her servants in the island, she hoped her uncle would allow her to return to her own house. With this arrangement Lord Penhurst was satisfied.

Mrs. Newburgh had another reason for making this alteration in the plan of her next visit to London. She was looking forward to the time, as she drew within a twelvemonth of its arrival, when her son would be of an age to enter into the active duties of the profession for which he was designed; and as he had been born and baptized in the parish to which Grosvenor-Square belonged, she particularly wished, if it could be managed, that he should renew his baptismal vow in the same congregation, in which he was first received a member of Christ's church.

It was about noon of the second day after leaving London, that Mrs. Newburgh and her young companions again caught sight of the blue hills of the island, as they looked over the beautiful extent of landscape, to which they are a boundary, on approaching within four miles of Southampton; the sun, which played on the intervening waters, shed a mild and renovating warmth over the face of reviving nature; the passing sails, scarcely distinguishable from the tall trees of the forest, while they were objects of general interest in the prospect, increased the anxiety of our young sailor to feel himself again on the bosom of the ocean; and the powers of comparison heightening the beauty of every succeeding object;

the clearness of the atmosphere and the verdure of the hills, being contrasted with the fogs of London, and the constant sameness of brick and mortar; the prospect was hailed with feelings of pleasure by the whole party, and each was thinking of the sensation of pleasure their appearance would create, on again returning to the Under-cliff, when suddenly their attention was diverted from this anticipation of delight, to an immediate object of alarm. The hinder wheel of the chaise flew off, without any previous intimation, and the body of the carriage fell to the ground with a violent crash. The chaise, in which were Barlow and Franklin, was at some distance behind. The post-boy, being thrown from his horse, lay entangled in the legs of the animal, which fortunately stood still, and the inside passengers must have remained in their unpleasant situation till the arrival of the other chaise, had not a gentleman, who was fortunately passing at the time on horse-back, kindly stopped to render his assistance. He immediately dismounted, and having succeeded in releasing the post-boy, they both joined in endeavouring to extricate the party in the inside from their confinement.

Montague was so active, that he required very little assistance to make his escape out of the window,

after he had, by his mother's request, lifted Louisa up, who was received on the outside by the attentive stranger; but his alarm was all for his mother, and he immediately addressed the gentleman, to know if it were possible to lift the chaise up in such a manner as to save her the inconvenience and danger of being drawn through the window. The stranger gave his assistance with alacrity, the post-boy was equally willing to oblige, and Montague, putting Louisa out of the way, and joining his strength to that of his two companions, the chaise was raised, and he had the pleasure of seeing his mother safely alight.

Barlow and Franklin were not yet in sight, and the post-boy having taken his horses on to Southampton to fetch another chaise, Mrs. Newburgh had an opportunity of expressing her thanks to the gentleman who had so kindly lent his assistance in the unpleasant accident that had just happened, and of observing the countenance and appearance of her new acquaintance. He appeared young, had an animated and spirited address, much warmth and energy of expression, spoke with that freedom and ease which is gained by an introduction to good company, whilst a martial air, and some military appendages to his dress, spoke the profession of a soldier.

He expressed the pleasure he felt at having been so fortunate as to pass at the moment the accident happened, begged that Mrs. Newburgh would not offer him her thanks for his assistance, when he rather felt that congratulations would be more acceptable; and taking from his pocket-book his card of address, hoped he should be allowed to call and enquire how she felt after the accident, if she was going to remain in Southampton.

"Captain Henry Bellamy, —— Regiment," was the address.

"—— Regiment!" said Mrs. Newburgh, with much animation. "—— Regiment!" echoed both Montague and Louisa.

"Perhaps you are acquainted with a friend of ours," said Mrs. Newburgh, addressing Captain Bellamy, while a slight blush passed over her cheek, at the remembrance of Colonel Manners.

"Do you know Colonel Manners, sir?" said Montague.

Captain Bellamy changed colour on the mention

of Colonel Manners' name; then, his countenance lighting up with much animation, he replied :—

"Indeed I do, sir; and I have reason to speak of him in terms of the highest admiration and respect. It is through him that, a few days since, I received the captaincy I have now the honour to hold in his regiment, and I hope very soon to make my personal acknowledgments for the favour he has shewn me. You are acquainted with Colonel Manners, madam?"

"Intimately," replied Mrs. Newburgh; "his sister is one of my dearest friends, and the mother of this little girl," added she, presenting Louisa. "I am quite pleased to be indebted to a friend of his for extricating us from the unpleasant situation in which you found us; and that circumstance will increase the pleasure my son and I shall both receive, in thanking you under our own roof, for the attention you have been so obliging as to pay us."

Montague bowed in acquiescence to what his mother had said, and Captain Bellamy replied:

"Nothing can at any time give me more pleasure, madam, than an opportunity of shewing the slightest

attention to any friend of Colonel Manners, for whom I entertain a very high and peculiar regard." As he said this with much energy, he drew a deep sigh; then taking the hand of Louisa, after looking at her with much interest, he again addressed Mrs. Newburgh, and asked her, "if her residence was in Southampton?"

"No," replied Mrs. Newburgh; "my young man and I are not satisfied without the open sea: I have a cottage in the back of the Isle of Wight, where I hope you will soon give us your company."

Captain Bellamy again changed colour as the back of the island was mentioned; but the attention of Mrs. Newburgh being at the moment attracted to the post-chaise which contained Barlow and Franklin, and which was now approaching, his emotion passed unremarked. The chaise stopped when it arrived at the spot, and Barlow and Franklin immediately getting out, begged that their mistress would take their places, and allow them to wait for the chaise from Southampton. Mrs. Newburgh was at first unwilling to agree to this scheme; but on Montague's pressing her to comply, lest she should feel too much fatigue from standing so long in the road, or run the risk of

catching cold, she acceded; and the servants remaining with the fractured vehicle, Mrs. Newburgh, Montague, and Louisa, proceeded to Southampton, where they arrived safely; Captain Bellamy riding the remainder of the way by the chaise.

CHAP. XXXIX.

Bright with the blush of ev'ning skies,
  Where yonder window glows,
A small, but friendly cot there lies,
  The seat of calm repose:

A roof that cheers my simple heart,
More than the gorgeous domes of art,
  That with false splendour shine:—
Let not the sons of pride reprove,
Or wonder at my partial love,—
  I call the cottage mine.

MERCER.

THE delay occasioned by this little accident prevented their arrival at Southampton till some time after the sailors had been directed to wait their arrival on the quay; and Bowman and Peter had several times strolled up the street towards the Star Inn, where they knew their mistress always took her chaises, anxiously watching for their appearance. The post-boy, who had come on after the accident, having

engaged a chaise from an inn above the Bar, the landlord of the Star had not been made acquainted with it: therefore these honest fellows were saved the alarm they must have suffered, had they known how narrowly their mistress and young master had escaped meeting with a serious injury.

Louisa had been watching the approach of every man who wore any thing like a sailor's jacket, from the time the chaise passed through the beautiful avenue of trees that forms the grand entrance to the town; and soon after passing under the Bar-gate, she exclaimed with great eagerness;

"There they are, there they are!"

Captain Bellamy, who had been much amused with the occasional sprightly remarks of his little travelling companion, immediately directed his attention to the spot to which Louisa pointed, supposing she had descried some of her friends; but only seeing two sailors, he leaned towards the chaise, and asked her if those sailors were the persons who had the honour of meeting with so hearty a greeting?"

"They are come to fetch us," replied Louisa; "and

they, will be so glad to see us, and every body in the island will be so glad to see us. Look! Montague, they see us, and are stopping to bow to us."

The chaise now indeed came up with the two sailors, who testified by their smiling countenances the pleasure with which they hailed the return of their mistress. The whole party in the chaise returned the salutations of Bowman and Peter; and Mrs. Newburgh, leaning forward to speak to Captain Bellamy, said:

"Those sailors are employed by my son in a yacht which he has in the island. They are very much attached to him, and I do not know two more respectable men in their station."

Captain Bellamy, after bowing to this information, rode on, and, dismounting as he entered the inn-yard, was ready to hand Mrs. Newburgh from the chaise.

Mrs. Newburgh took some refreshment at the inn; and finding from Captain Bellamy, that he was merely waiting at Southampton till the ship in which he was to go to join his regiment should sail, she

invited him to proceed with her to the island. Much pleased with what he had already seen of his new acquaintances, he accepted the invitation; and when Franklin and Barlow, soon after arriving, had also taken a luncheon, Mrs. Newburgh hastened their departure from Southampton.

The sailors received their beloved mistress and her son on board with their eyes bearing testimony to the honest warmth of their hearts. Little Miss was greeted with equal expressions of joy; and the young gentleman, who accompanied them, as the friend of the family, received a respectful bow of welcome.

Although Mrs Newburgh had made all the expedition possible in getting on board the yacht, it was three o'clock before the party set sail; and the wind being, unfortunately, contrary, it was getting quite dusk before they arrived opposite the cottages under the Cliff; but there was light sufficient to distinguish Mr. and Mrs. Carlton and William Lenville walking on the shore, and near them Mrs. Newburgh's men-servants. A soft and gentle moonlight shone upon the vessel, and she was instantly distinguished by the party on shore, who, approaching close to the edge of the water, gave a sincere and

hearty welcome to their friends : the boat very soon left the side of the vessel, and every individual on board was happy to touch the shore.

" Welcome back to the island," said Mr. Carlton, as he handed Mrs. Newburgh from the boat ; "this is a happy day for the neighbourhood; all the people have been inquiring when you were to come, and, had they known the precise time, I doubt not but that you would have been received by them all."

" I thought you would have been here much earlier," said Mrs. Carlton, as she took Mrs. Newburgh's hand; " I kept my boy here some time, and little Mary is but just gone."

" We should have been here earlier," replied Mrs. Newburgh ; " but we met with a little accident on the road, which, however, I must not call unfortunate, as it introduced me to Captain Bellamy," continued she, as she turned towards that gentleman ; " a friend of Colonel Manners', Mrs. Carlton." Captain Bellamy bowed, and Mrs. Carlton returned the salute. Louisa had already embraced her brother, received the caresses of Mrs. Carlton, and the affectionate kiss of her husband. Montague being en-

gaged in the stern of the boat, giving some directions to Peter Hopkins, was the last to touch the shore, but not the last to feel the delight of returning to his favourite residence, or the most backward to give and receive the hearty salutations of his friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlton accompanied their friends home, where the evening passed as pleasantly as might be expected from the re-union of friends, whose sentiments of regard and affection were founded on the rational basis of esteem. A retrospective view was drawn on either side of the transactions of the few months that had elapsed since they last met; and in her inquiries for the health of her neighbours, Mrs. Newburgh was careful to omit no individual sharer of her good wishes. It would not have been every stranger whose presence on such an evening would have occasioned no restraint, or who would have felt no tedium in listening to a conversation in which he could feel no personal interest. It might, however, be truly said of Captain Bellamy, that the interest which he shewed in the families to which he had been so recently introduced, and the good-humour with which he joined in the reciprocal relations which passed between the young people, effectually removed every feeling which would on either side prevent the free participation in the happiness

which the present meeting occasioned. He increased, rather than diminished, the general sensation of pleasure which warmed the hearts and enlivened the spirits of the group around him, and, if now and then during a moment of abstracted thoughtfulness a sigh escaped from the young soldier, it passed unnoticed, excepting by the penetrating eye of Mrs. Newburgh. She more than once observed such an airy symptom of secret grief hastily make an unbidden escape; she remarked, also, that the transient emotion was occasioned by a glance at Louisa; and the recollection of Colonel Manners' generous disposition, made her more than once suspect the origin of the intimacy that subsisted between him and Captain Bellamy.

The Carltons left Mrs. Newburgh's at a late hour, with a promise of bringing their children early in the morning, to see the same circle of friends, from whom they were now parting with regret. Montague, as he took leave of Mr. Carlton for the night, requested that he might add one more day to the long holidays he had enjoyed; and Louisa, as she asked the same indulgence of Mrs. Newburgh for herself, begged that William might share in their day of liberty. Mr. Carlton's consent was easily obtained, and the boys parted with a promise of meeting early the next morning.

Montague arose with the sun, and immediately running to Mr. Carlton's, found William almost ready to attend him. They had, before Mrs. Newburgh's breakfast-hour, visited all the cottages in the neighbourhood, where Montague's appearance lighted up a smile on every countenance: "'Tis young Mr. Newburgh, to be sure," said one, as our young sailor opened the little wicket which led to the cottage of one poor person. "To be sure, sir, how you be grown," said another, in reply to his affable "Good morning, dame," as he passed before the cottage of another. "Oh! sir, I'm so glad to see you come back: and how's the dear lady, sir?" said a third, running out to meet him, as Montague appeared in sight. To all these honest greetings, Montague replied with the greatest condescension and good-humour, inquiring into the welfare of every family he visited, delighting them with the good account he gave of his mother, promising they should all very soon see her, and telling them how happy he was again to come amongst them.

Captain Bellamy had risen some time before Montague returned home, and descending to the drawing-room, there found Louisa, who was very intently engaged at one end of the room in arranging her books on a stand, which was peculiarly set apart for her use.

She turned her head on hearing the door opened, and seeing Captain Bellamy, nodded her head good-humouredly, and wished him a good morning. Her lap was full of books, which she was going immediately to place on the floor, in compliment to Captain Bellamy; but he begged she would continue her employment, and asked if he could assist her?

"No, I thank you, sir," replied Louisa, again employing herself in placing her books upon the shelves; "they have all their places; the same places which dear uncle Edward gave them when he was here; and you would not know where to put them."

"But I could work under your directions, could I not?" again asked Captain Bellamy, as he took up a set of volumes from the floor, and was going to place them on a shelf.

"What are they?" inquired Louisa, gently holding back Captain Bellamy's arm; then, shaking her head, she added with much archness, "Ah! wrong; the very first attempt wrong, you see; 'Mrs. West's Letters to a young Man,' go on the same shelf with her 'Letters to a young Lady;' they were the last present dear uncle Edward made me before he left us: here, if you please,"

continued she, smiling and pointing to an upper shelf. The young soldier was delighted with his little companion, and tenderly pressing her hand as she returned him the books, he placed them according to her direction. A few minutes passed in silence: Louisa continued arranging her books, and Captain Bellamy watched her with increasing interest.

The books at length were arranged, and the drawers were next opened, for the reception of the drawings. "Are you fond of drawing?" asked Captain Bellamy.

"I like nothing better," replied Louisa, as she placed her little sketches in order; "but I never draw more than an hour each day; for dear Mrs. Newburgh thinks there are so many things of more consequence to be attended to; and papa and mamma and uncle Edward all wish me to do every thing *she* thinks right; and I am sure *I* wish it," added the affectionate girl, as she looked up at Captain Bellamy; "for she is so kind to me."

"Allow me to look at that sketch," said Captain Bellamy, arresting Louisa's hand, as she was conveying a pencil-drawing to her drawer; "this is not your drawing, is it?" continued he, as he looked intently on

the figure of a gentleman extended on a sofa; "it is your uncle; how came you to draw—him in this posture," added he, with emotion.

"Ah! poor uncle Edward!" replied Louisa with much tenderness, at the same time laying her hand on Captain Bellamy's arm, and looking gratefully at him for the emotion she supposed the sketch before him had excited; "that was the first evening he came to us, when dear Montague, who is always doing good to somebody, found him lying so faint—so cold—so exhausted—by the sea-shore." The recollection occasioned such a rise of sorrow in poor Louisa's feeling heart, that she here burst into tears; while her companion, not much less affected, though eager to hear more on the subject, pressed the hand of his little friend, and begged her to forgive him for having distressed her.

"Oh! there's nothing to forgive," replied Louisa, smiling through her tears; "only I am so silly whenever I think of dear uncle Edward's pale face the first night he came in, and that he must have died with cold, if it had not been for Prince and Montague."

"Do tell me the circumstances," said Captain

Bellamy, "if it will not distress you; how long is it since it happened? had he any———"

The end of this sentence was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Newburgh, who, with an air of cheerfulness and welcome, was advancing, to pay her guest the salutations of the morning. She was surprised to see the remains of tears on the cheek of Louisa, who had left her room in high spirits about half an hour before; and perceiving the same impression on Captain Bellamy, she was on the point of inquiring the occasion, when Louisa anticipated her, by extending the hand in which was the sketch of her uncle.

Mrs. Newburgh, connecting the present appearance of Captain Bellamy with the signs of emotion she had observed the preceding evening, immediately imagined the occasion of both; but delicately forbearing to make any observation, she merely told Louisa, with a tap on the shoulder, that she should amuse her friends with cheerful, not mournful subjects; and saying that the servants waited their arrival, she led the way to the breakfast-parlour, where Montague, in high spirits after his morning's ramble, had just arrived with his friend William.

CHAP. XL.

"Lead, goddess; I am thine," transported cried
Alcides: "O propitious Power, thy way
"Teach me! possess my soul! be thou my guide:
"From thee, O never, never let me stray!"

BISHOP LOWTH.



"I HAVE not enjoyed such a morning as this, since we left the country last year," said Montague, as he took his seat at the breakfast-table: "I believe, William and I have extended our ramble two or three miles every way; and the country is so beautiful, that we could scarcely persuade ourselves to return even to breakfast."

"So you returned for the pleasure of the breakfast, you allow," said Louisa, "and not for that of seeing us, Montague. Pray, did you go as far as uncle Edward's bust?"

"Just so far," replied Montague.

"And where is that, may I ask?" said Captain Bellamy.

"Where Montague found uncle Edward," rejoined Louisa, "the night when, I was telling you, he looked so ill."

Captain Bellamy again changed colour; and Mrs. Newburgh, silently observing the emotion, changed the conversation to another topic. The entrance of Mrs. Carlton with her babes soon after drew the attention of the party to the improvements of the children; and the subject of Colonel Manners was not again referred to during the day.

Mrs. Newburgh's guest remained with her nearly a week, during which time increasing esteem was felt on both sides. Captain Bellamy shewed, with an extreme warmth of temper, much tenderness of disposition, and a general inclination to oblige. With a fine manly figure, he had an appearance of elegance and good breeding: his high spirits and lofty courage were imposing features in his conversation, while the depression which occasionally threw a cloud over his countenance, increased the interest with which he was observed. His respectful admiration of his amiable

hostess, was as conspicuous as the increasing interest of Mrs. Newburgh for her guest: and the difference of seven or eight years between the ages of Captain Bellamy and young Newburgh, was no impediment to that reciprocal feeling of attachment, which wanted but time to be improved into a sincere and substantial friendship. The playful and engaging Louisa daily became more interesting to him; while Louisa very naturally grew fond of a man, who appeared so strongly attached to her uncle, and who was so attentive to her. With all these feelings awakened for Captain Bellamy, in the circle under the Cliff, the letter was received with regret which brought the information that the transport in which he was to sail, was ordered to weigh anchor on the morrow: the evening salutations were sorrowful, and Captain Bellamy and Montague both felt pain as they spoke of taking their last walk together before breakfast, on the following morning.

Captain Bellamy slept little: he tapped at his friend's door before six, and Montague instantly answering the summons by leaving his bed, soon joined his friend on the sea-shore.

Montague took the arm of Bellamy, who appeared very pensive, and they began their walk in silence.

At length, after some minutes of abstra[illegible] during which Montague fancied he read uneas[illegible] the countenance of his companion, Bellamy, [illegible] tone of voice, began the conversation.

"My dear Newburgh," said he, "do not think my curiosity impertinent; but I cannot leave you without being satisfied on a point, which, since my residence under your hospitable roof, has been more than once the subject of conversation, and on which my wish has been daily increasing to gain further information. I know that, in prosecuting the inquiry, it will make me appear in a very disadvantageous light to you and to your dear mother: but this is an additional reason for my beginning the subject; for I cannot, with any comfort, bear away the good wishes of friends who are become so dear to me, without their being acquainted with the faults of him, on whom their partiality, I am induced to hope, inclines them to look with some degree of interest. Tell me then, Newburgh, what were the circumstances of the accident, which first made you acquainted with my valuable friend, Colonel Manners? where did you find him, and what was the occasion of his being exposed, as little Louisa represents him to have been?"

Montague entered feelingly into the distress which

was visible in the countenance of his friend, as he uttered these words in an agitated voice; but he was completely at a loss, for a moment, how to reply. His word had been passed to suppress the fact of Colonel Manners' wound; and the detail of those circumstances, which Captain Bellamy pressed him to communicate, appeared to him to be scarcely allowable to confide to one, who before the last week had been a perfect stranger to his family. There certainly appeared to be no doubt of his intimacy with Colonel Manners; but that seemed to be no permission to Montague to speak of circumstances connected with him, which he had promised to keep secret; therefore, after hesitating a few minutes, our young sailor replied:—

"I am sorry to say, Bellamy, that you have started a subject, on which less than any other I would wish to converse; but I am sure, to a man of your honour, it will be sufficient to deter you from pressing it, to learn that I am not at liberty to speak on it. It is a point of extreme delicacy; and when I tell you that the happiness of an individual is strongly connected with its remaining as secret as possible, I need say no more to *you*."

" Yes; you must say *every* thing more," replied Bellamy with warmth; " you must tell me every circumstance in detail connected with the subject. It must no longer be a point of delicacy between you and me, Newburgh. I exonerate you from your promise; I, the very individual whose happiness was the first consideration of Colonel Manners, at a time when he was suffering from the fury of my unbridled passions; I, whose welfare he has studied, rather as if I had saved his life, than attempted to deprive him of it; I, who gave the wound, I perceive your word has been gained to conceal; I, whose name has been generously withheld, but whose heart cannot be satisfied to retain by a shadow of falsehood, or an air of mystery, that esteem, I flatter myself, I am beginning to gain from friends so truly estimable as are your mother and yourself, Newburgh. No, you must no longer be deceived; you must know who I am; and if you can love me after this declaration, you may depend on my being careful never again to lose your affection."

As he finished speaking, he drew his arm from Montague's, and offering his hand, waited with anxiety till it should be received. It was, however, but the interval of a moment. His companion, who had listened

with the various emotions of astonishment, admiration, tenderness, and commiseration, to the hurried accents of his friend, no sooner found that he had ceased, than he lost every idea of abhorrence, which a few days since he should have connected with the man from whom Colonel Manners had received his wound. The feeling of respect for the altered sentiments of his friend increased the affection with which he viewed him, and instantly receiving his hand, he gave him assurances of increased affection and regard.

" I expected this from you, Newburgh," replied Captain Bellamy, as he pressed the hand of Montague; " your temper is as generous as that of Colonel Manners; and if I have not an opportunity of speaking to your dear mother before I leave you, I must farther request you to make the same communication to her, I feel so much relief in having made to you. But, my dear fellow," continued Captain Bellamy, with much earnestness, " before we leave this subject will you excuse me, if I entreat you to learn caution from my example? You have been so well educated, that perhaps there is little fear of you; but the passions are so easily incited at an age to which you are fast approaching, and I have so nearly fallen a victim to their influence, that I cannot forbear urging the sub-

ject. With this view, then, will you think me tedious, if I give you a slight sketch of the circumstances, which led to an event, that had nearly ended so fatally both for our invaluable friend and for my worthless self?"

Montague expressed great interest in any thing that his friend should like to communicate; and Captain Bellamy thus proceeded:

"You know of what noble family I am a younger branch: you may not know, however, that I had the misfortune to lose both my father and mother before I had any idea of the reciprocal feelings awakened by the filial and parental ties. My uncle, who is the present Lord Loversdale, having a very large family, had not the ability perhaps, certainly not the inclination, to undertake the charge of my education, for which my father's expensive style of living had left a scanty provision; and, but for the care of two maiden aunts, I know not what would have become of me. They, however, were uniformly kind and attentive to me, and so indulgent, that their constant assiduity to study my inclinations had the very natural effect of nursing and encouraging that warmth of disposition, and those lively passions, the prevalence of which

has threatened me with such dangerous consequences. I am not aware that either of my aunts ever restrained a wish that I formed. I engaged in every species of pleasure and dissipation, so freely offered by the situation of life in which I was placed, without thinking a moment of the event, till a circumstance happened, which too cruelly made me feel the effects of my irregular conduct. Amongst the round of company which I was constantly in the habit of seeing at my aunts', a young lady frequently appeared, the daughter of an eminent barrister, who had for me so many nameless attractions, that I soon yielded her the entire possession of my heart. My attentions could not be misconstrued, and I was delighted to see that they were pleasing to her to whom they were paid. My aunts, thinking that such a connection would give me a steadiness they now began to see the disadvantage of my not possessing, encouraged me to make proposals to her father, and I waited on him accordingly. But the father of Eliza had the welfare of his daughter too much at heart to yield her to the power of such a libertine as I was generally known to be; and therefore, with the utmost caution and delicacy, I must confess, both to my feelings and the honour of my family, declined my offer. Had I received this refusal with the temper and coolness with which it was given,

all might still have been well: but I had never been accustomed to control; and, uttering some strong expressions, dictated by rage and disappointment, I returned to my aunts, in a state of irritation which alarmed them. They succeeded, at length, in pacifying me, and offered to obtain for me a lieutenancy in the army, of which I had long been desirous. They succeeded in obtaining it, and I joined the regiment in which it was purchased.

" But my conscience was not easy under the part I was acting; and though irritated against her father, I could not forget the woman whom I loved: yet, instead of following the dictates of reason, and endeavouring to correct the vices which stood in the way of my happiness, I attempted to find relief, under the pain which a reflection on my disappointment occasioned, by joining the gayest and most dissipated of the officers in the regiment to which I belonged. I flew to the gaming-table, the dice-box, and the bottle, and gradually became initiated into every species of dissipation and extravagance;—dissipation, however, which could not silence the voice of nature and of conscience;—extravagance, which, very soon after I reached my majority, ruinously undermined the fortune my aunts had been so careful to preserve untouched for my

use. My conduct, at length, became so notorious, that I was obliged to give up my commission in the regiment into which I first entered, to avoid being dismissed from the service. I entered another, which was stationed at Portsmouth, at the time Colonel Manners' battalion last came from abroad, and there those circumstances occurred of which you are in possession, although you were before ignorant that I was the unfortunate occasion of them. At the moment when, in the highest delirium of passion, I inflicted the wound, the remembrance of which even now makes my heart sicken, I was sobered: I instantly returned to Portsmouth, gave up my commission, relinquished from that hour the society of all who had misled me, resolved never again to indulge too freely in the pleasures of the table, and, sinking in heart and spirits, I again repaired to my aunts. They received me with open arms; but, although I reflected on the good intentions they had always entertained towards me, I could scarcely refrain from reproaching them for the unhappiness their erroneous indulgence had occasioned me to suffer. As I said before, however, I was sobered; I had made a resolution to subdue my passions, and I began by forbearing to animadvert on circumstances, the reflection on which was so distressing.

" My health had been much impaired by the dissipated life I had led: I had a physician's advice to travel: I tried it with benefit, and was just returning to London, after my excursion, when I received the letter from Colonel Manners, which, in offering me a captaincy in his own regiment, strongly proves the generosity and candour of his disposition. At the idea of joining him, I feel my spirits rise: under his direction, I am resolved to correct those fiery passions, which have threatened to destroy my happiness; and to Heaven I confide the event of Eliza's love. I will leave her free; and, I trust, if she gives her hand to another, I shall learn to rejoice in her happiness; but if, under the guidance of Colonel Manners and the blessing of Heaven, I should become worthy of her, and find her on my return still disengaged, still preserving for me an interest, which might again be improved into affection; if her father may be persuaded to overlook the indiscretions of my youth, my heart admy hand shall be at her disposal."

Captain Bellamy here paused: but Montague, who had been deeply interested in the recital, could only reply by pressing the hand of his friend; and before either had again sufficient composure to speak, Louisa,

who saw them approaching, came out of the house to join them. Captain Bellamy and Montague took her between them, and they entered the cottage, where Mrs. Newburgh was waiting their arrival in the breakfast-parlour.

CHAP. XLI.

The boat, light skimming, stretch'd its oary wings;
While deep the various voice of fervent toil
From bank to bank increas'd.

THOMSON.

CAPTAIN Bellamy had not an opportunity of conversing with Mrs. Newburgh alone before he left the island; for, during the time of breakfast, his servant, whom he had commissioned to come to him, if haste were necessary, arrived to inform him that he had no time to lose. Montague's yacht was immediately unmoored for his use; and Captain Bellamy, after taking an affectionate leave of his friends, and bearing with him, besides their good wishes for himself, friendly dispatches for Colonel Manners, went on board. Montague accompanied him to the transport, which was just under weigh; then, bidding him a hearty adieu, returned, filled with interest and affection for his friend, to impart to his mother the relation of the morning.

Mrs. Newburgh heard with equal sentiments of ad-

miration for Colonel Manners, and interest for Captain Bellamy, the intelligence she received from her son. The idea had more than once crossed her, from the emotion she had remarked in her guest on the mention of the name of Colonel Manners, that this might be the young man from whom he had received his wound. She was pleased with the sentiment which occasioned its disclosure from Captain Bellamy before he left her house; and, from the sketch he had given her son of his life, she considered that Montague might draw a salutary lesson of the dangerous effects of youthful passion.

"The whole of Captain Bellamy's conduct," said Mrs. Newburgh, "is a proof of unrestrained passion, operating on an ill-regulated mind and unsteady principles. He always acted from the impulse of the moment; and hence he rushed into the commission of folly after folly, and crime after crime, till at length he arrived within a hair's breadth of the commission of one of the blackest actions, from which the comfort of society is likely to suffer, and which would in all probability have led him to an ignominious death. I consider it as one of the greatest mercies of Heaven that he is spared; and, from the change that appears to have taken

place in his sentiments and manner of life, I should hope the gracious dispensation which averted from his head the actual commission of murder, will not be lost upon him; but that from his own exertions, through the merits of his Saviour, he may acquire that command over his passions he now appears so anxious to obtain. I honour him for his conduct towards his aunts since his return to them; for although it is, in all probability, through their misguided indulgence, that he has been betrayed into error, yet he owes them that sort of obligation, which would make any reproaches on his part extremely ungrateful. His present conduct in regard to the young lady, to whom he is still attached, is also praise-worthy. It is a specimen of self-denial which I much respect; and I very sincerely hope, if he returns from abroad worthy of her affections, he may find them unalterably attached to him. But, whilst we are talking on this interesting subject, Montague, we forget to think of other things. Do you know that the day after to-morrow is your birth-day, and that we have not yet devoted a thought as to the manner of spending it?"

"I have been thinking," replied Montague, "that, if it meets with your approbation, we cannot do

better for the poor people than we did last year: they all seemed to enjoy their treat amazingly, and I know of no way in which we can vary it to their advantage."

"What do you say to a little trial of strength amongst my little sailors?" asked Mrs. Newburgh: "I think a rowing-match would please both the boys and their fathers."

"Oh! just the thing," replied Montague, delighted at the proposal; "how exactly you always know how to consult my wishes, dear mother," added he; at the same time kissing her cheek with fondness. "Oh! let me see; three boats will be sufficient, you know; for there is no lad amongst them strong enough to pull with a pair of oars."

"We will go and speak to Master Green about it directly," said Mrs. Newburgh, rising to leave the room: "Louisa will like to go with us, I dare say; do you know where she is?"

"In the shrubbery, at high romps with Prince," replied Montague, approaching the window which opened to the garden.

" Come, idle girl," said Mrs. Newburgh, as she followed her son to the window; " we are going for a walk; will you be of the party? We shall get into regular habits again, I hope, after Montague's birth-day; for Captain Bellamy has made us quite neglect our books," continued she, as she took the hand which Louisa fondly offered her as she entered the room.

The walking apparel was speedily adjusted, and Montague giving an arm to his mother and Louisa, they proceeded to Master Green's cottage. The old man was as much delighted as the boys at the proposal now made: he eagerly promised, as he said, to arrange it all in the best manner possible," and told Montague that he thought the boys could each pull a pair of oars, if he pleased. It was, therefore, determined to hire six boats for the occasion, and the little scheme of madam's rowing-match became the subject of conversation in all the cottages.

The unexpected arrival of Lord Penhurst on the evening preceding his nephew's birth-day, increased the pleasure of the approaching festival, and a cloudless sky again crowned the hopes which were excited on the anniversary of the day, which gave to Mrs.

Newburgh the blessing of an amiable and affectionate son.

On Lord Penhurst's arrival, Mrs. Newburgh was pained to see the difference that had taken place in his appearance since she parted from him in London. His countenance again wore that cloud of melancholy, which had so peculiarly marked it before his visit of the last year to the island; and there was a general weakness in his frame, that made her apprehend the approach of some fatal seizure. His sadness, however, soon wore off, on joining the little circle to which he was now become so attached; and although his general debility remained, he met the birth-day party in the morning with very improved looks, and congratulated his nephew with cheerfulness. Yet he was not unaware that he was arrived at a period of life, when, as a man, in the course of nature he had but few years to look forward to: he felt the rapid increase of growing infirmities, and, as he gave his blessing to his young nephew, he observed, that in another year he would outstrip his mother; while a tear, that glistened in his eye, shewed how little he expected to see the reality of such an event. Mrs. Newburgh, wishing to divert her uncle's attention, pointed to the window, whence, through the opening shrubs, the

young sailors might be discerned, busily employed in preparing their boats; and his lordship joined the party which approached to observe the movements of these happy boys.

The young objects of Mrs. Newburgh's benevolence had their new clothes on this day, and one of the girls was placed in each of the boats which were to be rowed by the boys; there was likewise in each a man, who was, however, to leave the young sailor the entire management of the boat. Every boat was decorated with laurels and blue ribbons; the same ornaments were tied round the oars, and a branch of laurel was attached to the bow of each boat. Eleven o'clock was fixed for the hour of starting, at which time Mrs. Newburgh's and Mrs. Carlton's family having gone on board the yacht, a gun was fired as a signal, and the young sailors immediately pushed off, amidst the acclamations of the surrounding cottagers, who were assembled on the strand. A reward was to be given to the rower of each boat; but the lad who pulled the one which arrived first at the place of destination, was to have the enviable privilege of accompanying Montague to sea.

It was known that this event would probably take place before the expiration of another twelvemonth;

and to enter the navy on board the same ship with young Mr. Newburgh was considered, both by parents and children, as the greatest piece of good fortune that could happen to their families. It may be imagined then that the exertion made by the lads to obtain this desirable distinction was not trifling, nor the anxiety less of the parents, who watched this little trial of strength in their children.

Amongst the young competitors, there was a son of Bowman, and one of Batters, who, being exactly of the same age, and both stout lads, were considered by the neighbours as standing an equal chance of obtaining the desirable distinction. At first starting, the six boats kept nearly in a line; the young rowers plied their oars with great regularity, and it was a most pleasing sight to see them dip periodically below the water, then rise again mechanically at the same moment of time. Four of them, however, by degrees, deviated from the line which was at first formed by the six; the two which remained in front, were pulled by young Will Bowman and Jem Batters, and the anxiety of the friends of both lads increased as they saw their sons approach nearer and nearer the destined point. Now it was fancied that Will had a small advantage over his competitor; then Jem was declared to have

his bow a-head of Will: none, however, could decide which arrived first at the buoy; but a small advantage gained by young Bowman in turning, made him gain a few yards on his antagonist; and nearly the whole of the way back he was full a boat's length a-head of Jem. The Batters were beginning to despond, when their son, making a double effort to recover the ground he had lost, at the time that Bowman was within a few yards of the shore, came close alongside of him, and the bows of the two boats struck on the sands so immediately together, that it was impossible to tell which had the advantage. The two lads instantly jumping out of their boats, and wiping their faces, shook each other heartily by the hand, and, surrounded by their families, waited the arrival of Mrs. Newburgh, to know in what manner she would decide to whom was to be given the reward, which had been so earnestly and so nicely consented.

Mrs. Newburgh was not long in settling the affair: after commending the exertions of the boys, and applauding the good temper with which each seemed prepared to yield the preference to the other, she told them, that she hoped the same spirit of emulation would accompany them in things of far greater importance than the present; that, as they appeared to

be so well matched, she would not divide them, but promised that they should both accompany her son in his first voyage. This arrangement met the approbation of all parties; the Bowmans' and the Batters' both shared the hearty congratulations of their neighbours, and the party then repaired to the lawn, where the dinner was awaiting their arrival. It was shared by the guests with cheerfulness and gratitude, and the day terminated happily both in the humble circle of the cottagers, and in the more refined and select party which celebrated Montague's birth-day in Mrs. Newburgh's drawing-room.

CHAP. XLII.

Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
With mental light, the melancholy day!

CAMPBELL.

LORD Penhurst recovered so much under the tender and attentive care of his niece and nephew, that Mrs. Newburgh's anxiety on his account was much lessened. He grew daily more comfortable in the society of his friends, and appeared to derive so much consolation from the assiduity with which every wish was anticipated, that his niece determined, unless she was absolutely prevented, never to leave him again. She saw, from the increasing debility of Lord Penhurst, that in all probability his life was gradually drawing to a close; and she considered it her duty, as far as lay in her power, to lighten by her attentions his increasing infirmities, and sooth his occasional sickness and gradual decay. On his return to London, she determined to accompany him; and when he should be so far weakened, as to be incapable of

taking a journey to the island in return, she designed to give up the pleasures of the country for the duty of waiting on her uncle.

Montague was equally attentive with his mother to the comfort of his uncle: he was always ready at his call to take a stroll with him on the sands, would listen with the greatest patience to the old gentleman's long and frequently thrice-told tales, and would row his boat, or put up the sail of his yacht, to any distance, or at whatever time his lordship intimated a wish to be on the water. Indeed, this amiable lad, though he had but lately entered his fourteenth year, seemed to be the guardian and comfort of the small domestic circle in which he resided. Besides being the support of his uncle's declining years, to his mother he united with the submission and tender obedience of the son the sincerity and disinterestedness of the friend, the correct judgment and unprejudiced reasoning so frequently necessary in the adviser, the manly firmness and spirited resolution which should mark the character of the protector of woman.

Fully sensible of the merits of her son, and highly estimating his value, Mrs. Newburgh treated him with perfect and unlimited confidence. Her affection was

that of a mother for her son; but her conduct towards him was that of a friend, in whose worth she had implicit belief, whose advice she never hesitated to ask, and whose protection she found an increasing source of happiness and comfort. While this was the manner in which Mrs. Newburgh treated our young sailor, and while she thus fondly looked on him in relation to herself as the substitute of his beloved father, it is naturally to be supposed that the conduct of the servants was regulated by her example. They looked up to their young master with the same respectful assiduity to attend to his orders, that they had been accustomed to shew to the lamented Captain Newburgh; and Montague, very properly distinguishing between the haughtiness of pride and the degradation of familiarity, treated the servants with uniform tenderness and kindness, made their little wants and distresses his own, and was ever ready to assist them in any manner within his power. His studies with Mr. Carlton were now in so advanced a state, that that gentleman pronounced him calculated to discharge the active duties of his profession, whenever his friend Admiral Courley should call upon him to enter the service; and his classical attainments were such as almost to supersede the necessity of his mother's constant attention.

Towards the end of this summer, a little incident happened, which, as it led to Mrs. Newburgh's forming an acquaintance, from which she derived much pleasure and satisfaction, will here be mentioned. Montague and William, in one of their long rambles in the neighbourhood of the Undercliff, strolled within two miles of Niton, a small retired village, situated near the foot of St. Catherine's Hill. The day was sultry, and feeling fatigued from the heat and the distance they had walked, they sat down on a bank for a few minutes before they returned towards home. They were seated near the edge of the cliff, and were conversing on some subject interesting to both, when their attention was drawn from the scene before them to a noise which approached them from behind. They turned, and, with a feeling of inexpressible alarm, discovered the sound to proceed from the rapid steps of a horse, which was advancing with a furious gallop towards the edge of the precipice. A lady was on his back, who sat remarkably well, or she must have been thrown, from the violence with which the animal proceeded; but no effort of presence of mind, or any skill in horsemanship, could possibly save her from destruction, if her horse advanced, whither his course was obviously bent, to the edge of the cliff. Montague saw the danger that awaited her; he also

felt a doubt whether his strength would be sufficient to arrest the course of the spirited animal. He hesitated not, however, in resolving to make an attempt, and, starting immediately from his seat, threw himself before the animal when he was within a few yards of the edge of the cliff, and made an effort to seize the bridle. He was successful in stopping the horse; but the shock he received was so great that he fell under the feet of the animal, and his arm was so severely injured that he could not raise it from his side. He regarded not the pain he felt, but quickly disengaging himself from the feet of the animal, which still continued to kick, assisted the lady to dismount. She was young and handsome, and Montague thought, as he received her warm expressions of thanks, he had never seen so interesting a countenance. She was perfectly regardless of her own feelings; but observing that her young preserver made no use of one of his arms, expressed much solicitude for him. Montague still spoke lightly of the injury, and begging to know the residence of the fair stranger, offered his services to attend her home. The lady readily accepted his offer, saying at the same time she was anxious to hasten her return; for her father, with whom she was preparing to ride, when her horse had been frightened from his companion, would be in much alarm on her

account. She was living with him at the neighbouring village of Niton, from which she supposed they were about two miles distant, and if Montague would be kind enough to accompany her, she should feel doubly obliged. She then again mentioned his arm, but Montague begged she would not think of it; and desiring William to return and acquaint his mother whither he was gone, he took the bridle of the horse, and giving the lady his arm, they walked towards the village.

As they proceeded, Montague asked his companion, if she had resided long in the neighbourhood; for there were so few houses adapted to the reception of genteel families, that he thought he had been acquainted with the names and persons of all who were within five or six miles of his mother's cottage. His ignorance with regard to the lady with whom he was now walking, was explained by her informing him that she had not been in the neighbourhood more than a few days; that her father had been particularly advised to try his present situation for the recovery of his health, which was very sensibly declining; and that, if he found it at all beneficial, he would continue there during the autumn.

On Montague's requesting the name of her father, he learnt that it was Percy; and, in return, Montague informed his companion of his own name, and of his residence with his mother in the Undercliff Cottage. Before they arrived at Niton, Mr. Percy, who rode after his daughter as fast as he could bear the motion of the horse, approached; and, having received from her an animated account of the escape she had met with, through the intrepid presence of mind of her companion, he expressed his obligations to our young sailor with sincere earnestness, and with great politeness pressed him to accompany him home. Montague, however, seeing his fair companion in safety with her father, and feeling his arm to be growing more painful, declined accepting the invitation; but said, as he bowed to Mr. and Miss Percy, and wished them a good morning, he should take an early opportunity of making them a visit at Niton.

Montague, in returning home, made every effort to conceal the pain from his mother; but the exertion of walking had so increased his uneasiness, that although he spoke cheerfully as he asked her for something to bathe it with, the paleness of his face evinced the agony he felt. Mrs. Newburgh with much tenderness proceeded to take off her son's coat; but he could not

bear to straighten his arm, and a fracture was dreaded. Barlow was therefore directed to go in search of Mr. Bolton, on whose arrival this unpleasing apprehension was confirmed; but the arm being very slightly broken, the fracture was very soon reduced by the skill of the surgeon, and he left his patient with every assurance of regaining the use of his disabled limb within a few weeks; at the same time laying a restriction on his attempting to use it, and desiring him for a few days to rest it entirely, by confining himself to the sofa. These injunctions being strictly attended to, Montague was prevented making the promised visit to Niton; and he was beginning to think it somewhat singular, that, considering the anxiety Miss Percy had expressed for the accident he had met with in her preservation, neither she nor her father had made any inquiries as to its consequences, when, on the third day from that on which it happened, a servant arrived with the following letter to Mrs. Newburgh:—

"Madam,

"You must, I fear, have considered me insensible to the obligations conferred on me by the intrepidity of your son, and have judged me totally unfeeling, in having so long neglected to make any inquiries for the

injury I fear he received on my account. Neither of these, believe me, is the case; but I wished to make my personal acknowledgments, and my father promised himself the pleasure of accompanying me. The rapid and alarming increase of his disorder, however, prevents his leaving the house; and I could not feel comfortable to leave him for a moment. Though I am fully aware that nothing can be done, ultimately, to benefit my dear father, I am desirous that he should have medical assistance, if it can be procured in this retired spot. Being a stranger to the neighbourhood, may I take the liberty of requesting that you will give the servant the address of any professional man whom you employ?

"In the hope that I shall receive good accounts of your son, to whom I beg my regards, I remain, my dear madam,

"Your much obliged,

"ELIZABETH PERCY."

In reply to this letter, Mrs. Newburgh directed the servant to Mr. Bolton; and, considering that in Miss Percy's situation the presence of a female acquaintance

might be a comfort, she wrote that, though her son was going on well, he found it necessary to rest his arm; but that, if agreeable to Miss Percy, she should herself be happy to call on her. The same evening brought another letter from Miss Percy, accepting the offer of Mrs. Newburgh; and on the following morning the carriage was ordered to Niton.

CHAP. XLIII.

Then breath'd his soul into its rest,
The bosom of his God.

COWPER.

THE account which Mrs. Newburgh had received from her son of the manners and address of Miss Percy, very much prepossessed her in her favour; yet she had not formed a higher opinion than she felt inclined to retain, on her first introduction to her new acquaintance. When Mrs. Newburgh arrived at Mr. Percy's lodgings, the servant who introduced her into the sitting-room, in answer to her inquiries for his master, gave but an indifferent account of his health; and, from the first glance at the invalid, who was lying extended on the sofa, Mrs. Newburgh saw the strong marks of that consuming malady, the ravages of which are incurable, though their progress is painfully lingering to the sufferer. Miss Percy, who was sitting near her father, with a book in her hand, from which she appeared to have been reading aloud, rose on the entrance of Mrs. Newburgh, approached her with that sort of earnestess and animation so expressive of quick feeling and lively fancy; and, making her acknowledg-

ments, both for the exertions of her son and for the favour of her visit, presented her with tenderness to her father. Mrs. Newburgh was much struck with the interesting pair before her;—a father, apparently in the meridian of life, of a mild and benevolent countenance, sinking rapidly under the effects of an incurable disorder, and thinking perhaps with fond regret on the lovely daughter he was on the brink of leaving exposed to the rude and uncertain changes of the world; a daughter, in the bloom of beauty, in the spring-tide of youth, whose eye spoke the intelligence of enthusiastic feeling, and whose countenance indicated the most sprightly vivacity, on the point of losing the parent whose tenderness was the shield of her innocence, whose experienced judgment was the guardian of her honour, and whose welfare and happiness seemed to be the spring of every thought and action. Under these impressions, the drop of commiseration rose to the eye of Mrs. Newburgh, as she received the hand which Miss Percy offered her; but she suppressed her emotion, in consideration of those for whom she felt it, and, approaching Mr. Percy, made the most tender inquiries for his health.

Mr. Percy received Mrs. Newburgh with much politeness, and repeating his thanks for the obligation

her son's exertions had laid him under, hoped that the young gentleman was not suffering any inconvenience from his noble and intrepid courage.

Mrs. Newburgh, to explain the occasion of her son's not having visited Mr. Percy since the accident, was obliged to mention the injury he had sustained; but she did it as slightly as possible, that she might not alarm the invalid unnecessarily, and said that he would be very happy to take the first opportunity of waiting on Mr. Percy.

Mrs. Newburgh sat about an hour with her new acquaintance, equally pleased with the mild manners and correct sentiments of the father, and the feeling attentions and lively animation of the daughter: they both conversed with Mrs. Newburgh with that ease which shewed a perfect knowledge of the world, and that sincerity which evinced an inward feeling of rectitude, that preserved them from yielding to its general opinions. But it was in the interchange of their mutual sentiments of affection, that the characters of both shone more strikingly amiable; the tender solicitude of the father accompanied every word and look addressed to his daughter; and a most affectionate sense of filial duty spoke in every gesture and action of the beautiful Elizabeth.

The father and daughter were not less pleased with our amiable widow than she was with them. When she rose with unwillingness to leave them, they both bade her a reluctant adieu, and expressing a hope that she would not wait the ceremony of having her visit returned before she obliged them with another, Mrs. Newburgh with much readiness said, that she should have great pleasure in paying them daily visits.

Montague's broken arm soon recovered its strength; and in the course of a week he was allowed to join his mother in her visits to the Percys, where he was received with that sort of interest, which a sense of the inestimable treasure he had preserved to a tender father was capable of exciting in such a man as Mr. Percy; while his daughter had always one of her sweetest and most grateful smiles for her young and gallant preserver.

The new friends became hourly more attached to each other; and for the next few weeks, perhaps, neither the pen nor the pencil could find a more feeling subject of interest, than that of the father and daughter, and the mother and son, who met in friendly intercourse round the sofa of the declining Mr. Percy. It, however, lasted but a few weeks: the disorder in-

creased so rapidly, that the invalid, at the termination of this time, had no longer sufficient strength to be lifted from his bed; and Mr. Bolton gave it as his opinion, that a dissolution might hourly be expected. Mr. Percy expressed a wish to speak to Mrs. Newburgh alone: his daughter, therefore, for a few minutes left the room, and our amiable widow taking her seat by the bed-side of the enfeebled patient, he thus addressed her:—

"Though my acquaintance with you, my dear madam, has been so short, yet during its continuance I have formed so high an opinion of your kindness and benevolence, that I am induced to make you a request, for which I trust your own feelings of parental fondness will plead my excuse."

Mr. Percy here paused for a moment; when Mrs. Newburgh took the opportunity of saying, that she hoped he would speak without hesitation, for that both her feelings and her principles would engage her acquiescence in any request he might make.

Mr. Percy thanked Mrs. Newburgh, and thus continued:—

"I thank God that I have no fears of a pecuniary nature, in regard to my dear child; for by his blessing I have been enabled to acquire a fortune, which will secure to her both a comfortable and elegant independence. But look at Elizabeth, my dear madam! Certainly, the fondness of a parent may magnify her charms, but the most unprejudiced observer must call her handsome; the coldest heart must acknowledge the attractive powers of her animated feeling; the dullest mind cannot be insensible to her wit and vivacity. I am aware that for the guardian of her innocence and honour, under all the temptations to which the possession of so many advantages will expose her, I have given her the purest religious principles; and her good sense and matured reason have confirmed the possession of those sentiments she learnt mechanically, as an infant, from her cradle. But—excuse—the fears—the apprehensions of a parent, my dear madam, in leaving so much loveliness exposed, without an experienced guide, to the various trials to be met with in the world; and do not think me distrustful of the providence of God, or the virtue of my child, if I express a wish that I could leave her a subordinate agent for the one, and a tender guardian and protector from the other. Madam—my dear Mrs. Newburgh—might I ask this favour of you?"

Mrs. Newburgh was so affected by this appeal to her feelings, that she would instantly have relieved the distressing apprehensions of Mr. Percy; but she hesitated, in order to suggest the propriety of appointing a relation of his own to the office.

"I have none," replied Mr. Percy; "nor a friend in whom I could so implicitly confide as yourself. May I—may I hope then, that you, who so well know how to fulfil the duties of a mother, will for the next twelvemonth undertake the guardianship of my child?"

Mrs. Newburgh's agitation was so great, that she could scarcely express the acquiescence she wished to give; but Mr. Percy, perfectly understanding her feelings, expressed the consolation she gave him in the most tender and grateful manner: then saying that his property was left in that state that there could be no difficulty in its arrangement after his decease, he once more addressed Mrs. Newburgh:—

"As you have so far relieved me as to undertake the guardianship of my child, I think there is one circumstance with regard to her with which you should be acquainted, but which I am sure her delicacy will prevent her mentioning. Young as she is, she has

already been sensible to the soft passion, the approaches of which require so much care in the mind of a young and tender female. It is enough to give you this hint: it will explain to you a tincture of misanthropy, which an early disappointment now and then gives to her judgment on men and manners, and will account to you for a wildness of expression, which the same feeling, acting on a lively imagination, sometimes occasions in her conversation. However, she possesses a good understanding and correct religious principles: therefore I am persuaded that, under your management, these peculiarities, which by a less able or a less tender guide might be provoked into extravagance, or ridiculed into contempt, will gradually and entirely subside. They are lately much lessened; but, as I am aware that much of her exertion proceeds from her anxiety for me, I am desirous, after my decease, of securing to her a friend who may watch and repress their return."

Much interested by this communication, Mrs. Newburgh promised every circumspection that the most tender solicitude could suggest; and, wishing to be a little more definitely informed of the circumstances to which Mr. Percy had alluded in regard to his daughter, asked if her attachment had entirely subsided.

"I suspect not," replied Mr. Percy; "but her consciousness of the impropriety of cherishing an attachment from which no ultimate hopes of happiness can be expected, will, I trust, prevent her suffering much more on account of the young man, whom she once fondly hoped to have called her husband. Unless any unexpected event should occur, it is most likely his image will gradually fade from her memory; but, in justice to the kindness with which you undertake her guardianship, and that you may be prepared, in case any unforeseen circumstance may ever lead to intelligence respecting him, I think it right to acquaint you that his name is Bellamy."

The name struck like a thunderbolt on Mrs. Newburgh; and she was hesitating whether or not she should mention any of the circumstances she knew respecting the young man, with whom she had lately formed an intimacy, and who, she had little doubt, was the person. While she was in doubt, Mr. Percy, exhausted by the exertions he had been making, fell back in his bed, in a fainting fit. Mrs. Newburgh immediately rang the bell; and on Miss Percy entering the room with the servant, her father appeared somewhat to revive, and recovered sufficient strength to insert the name of Mrs. Newburgh in his will as the guardian

of his daughter. Soon after, being seized with another fit, he continued some time in a state of insensibility, and then breathed his last, supported by his daughter, and by her, who on the death of Mr. Percy found herself the guardian of an amiable and lovely orphan.

CHAP. XLIV.

Yet know, the time arrives, the dang'rous time,
When all those virtues, op'ning now so fair,
Transplanted to the world's tempestuous clime,
Must learn each passion's boist'rous breath to bear.

MASON.

IT was found, on examining Mr. Percy's will, that his fortune was left to his daughter, and that the guardianship of both was entrusted to Mrs. Newburgh. The property being all funded, was likely to be attended with little trouble to her who was to superintend its management; and from the observations that Mrs. Newburgh had made on the disposition of Elizabeth, she anticipated, in her residence with her for the next twelvemonth, the pleasure of a sensible and agreeable companion. She was also prepared to feel that tender interest for her, so inseparable from a heart perfectly alive to every impression of sorrow or distress. Mr. Percy, according to his own direction, was buried in the church-yard of Niton, and, immediately after the funeral, Elizabeth removed to the friendly roof of Mrs. Newburgh, where every effort

that the most delicate and considerate attention could suggest, was employed to console her under so heavy affliction. For the first few days, her grief was violent; but gradually recovering her serenity, under the mild influence of the religion in which she had been educated, and soothed and interested by the feeling group around her, she regained her cheerfulness, and in a short time added to the society in which she moved all the charms of original genius and acquired qualifications.

On the subject of Captain Bellamy, Mrs. Newburgh, after some deliberation, determined not to enter with her young friend. From the style of her conversation, and the feeling expression of her eye, she fancied she read that a tenderness for the latent object of her affection still remained in her heart; and she almost longed to remove that barrier of female pride which she saw repelled its emotions, by some communication which might undeceive her in regard to the doubted fidelity of its object. But the principles of young Bellamy were yet so unsettled, and the chances were so much against the conquest of those passions, without which she could not conscientiously allow the renewal of his addresses to a young woman entrusted in the most sacred manner to her guardianship, that she was

cautious of raising hopes which might only prove fallacious. Therefore, far from throwing out any hints in favour of romantic and unconquerable attachments, she took every opportunity of representing the propriety of gaining an ascendancy over affections, which circumstances would not allow to be cherished; and never omitted an occasion which presented itself in the wild ideas of Elizabeth, to reconcile her entirely to the world, and wean her from the dangerous predilection, that, because once deceived, we should always be anticipating falsehood.

As the parliament was not likely to meet early this year, and Lord Penhurst expressed no dissatisfaction at the arrangement, Mrs. Newburgh deferred her journey to London till after Christmas, that she might have an opportunity, before she left the country, of paying those little attentions to the wants of her poor neighbours, that the inclemency of the season rendered peculiarly acceptable. By this arrangement, William and Manners enjoyed their vacation in the island, which they always preferred to London.

Soon after Christmas, Mrs. Newburgh and her whole family removed to Grosvenor Square; and, about the latter end of March, Montague received a letter from

Admiral Courley, inclosing one to his mother, both of which were dated from their friend's station at sea. They were written with great kindness, and in terms of strong attachment both to the mother and the son: that to the former contained information that Admiral Courley did not expect to return home shortly, but that he should be ready to undertake the charge of her son as soon as she should feel inclined to part with him: that to the latter was much to the same effect, expressing a hope that his young friend would be ready to join him at the latter end of April, when the frigate would return, which he had sent home with dispatches to the Admiralty.

The feelings with which these letters were read both by Mrs. Newburgh and Montague were of the most lively and interesting nature; and although the present was a summons daily expected by both, a constant anticipation had not lessened the emotion occasioned on its arrival. In the animated expression which lighted up the countenance of Montague, as he perused the contents of his friend's letter, might be read the ardour of youthful expectation and the fire of conscious courage, mingled with that softer feeling of filial affection which made him look from his letter to gaze with fondness on the mother he was about to leave. In the emotion which appeared in the coun-

tenance of Mrs. Newburgh was seen a feeling of maternal pride, on the opening prospects of her son, striving to suppress the rising and more powerful sensation of tenderness, which the idea of an early separation suggested. The eyes of the mother and son met; for a moment, the earnestness of the young sailor was checked; the pride of the mother vanished, and both letters falling to the ground, Montague flew to the embrace of his mother, and Mrs. Newburgh received her son on her bosom.

This tribute being paid to the purest interchange of affection which the heart is capable of feeling, the subject of Admiral Courley's letters was again reverted to, and their contents communicated to those most nearly interested. Lord Penhurst mingled a melancholy sigh with the feeling of family-pride, with which he looked forward to his nephew's entrance on the duties of his profession; with all the fondness of the most tender sister, Louisa looked sorrowfully to the hour which was to separate her from her companion; and she, who under Providence owed her life to the intrepidity of the young sailor, anticipated his departure with sentiments of affectionate regret. The servants also participated in the general sensation excited by the intelligence, that their young master would shortly be entered in his Majesty's navy: they all

shewed their attachment to him by their various expressions of pleasure at a circumstance which was so gratifying to him, and of regret that they were to be deprived of his presence at home. Poor Betty's eyes were so swollen with weeping, that she could scarcely discern one object from another; and Barlow said, " he would have another trip to sea along with young master, if he did not think mistress would want him for a pilot at home."

There was so short a time intervening between the present and that when the frigate was likely to sail in which our young sailor was to make his first voyage, that it was proper to begin making immediate preparations for his equipment. The different tradesmen, therefore, received their necessary orders, which were executed with all the dispatch and correctness so peculiarly characteristic of London. On the day Montague completed his fourteenth year, he made his first appearance in complete naval uniform, and the expression that sparkled in his eye shewed that he had a heart beating high for the honour of the anchor.

" May you continue to resemble your beloved father in virtue, my child, as you do in person and

manner!" was the salutation with which Mrs. Newburgh pressed her young sailor to her bosom, on this memorable anniversary of his birth. The expression of her son's countenance, his change of dress, the manliness it gave to his form, his resemblance to his father, and his approaching departure, pressed upon her mind with such accumulated force, that she could say no more; while Montague, overcome by his mother's emotion, received her congratulations with silent tenderness; and pressing her hand to his lips, drew it within his arm, and descended with her to the breakfast-parlour.

Lord Penhurst waited to receive his nephew, whose figure appeared to so great advantage in his new dress, that his lordship forgot the approaching separation, in the pride of seeing such a fine youth the probable heir to his coronet. But he forgot not his own weak and enfeebled state, and as he gave his blessing to his nephew, he said with a mournful smile :

" You have got your anchor, and the coronet will soon follow."

" Not for many, many years, uncle, I trust," replied Montague, with earnestness, as he took his uncle's hand.

Lord Penhurst shook his head; then, endeavouring to dissipate his melancholy, he turned to Miss Percy and Louisa, and asked them if they had no pretty speeches to make to the young navy gentleman?

They were not uninterested in the appearance of the young sailor, but had been too much affected to offer their congratulations: they now, however, advanced to meet him, and Montague imprinted a kiss on the cheek of both his fair friends.

The first tender impressions on the return of the day being over, gaiety was restored to the family-circle; and in the evening, a party of Mrs. Newburgh's most intimate friends met to celebrate the birth-day of her son. The song and the dance contributed to enliven the merry group, and the morning dawned before they separated.

About a week after, the day arrived when, in the assembled congregation of the church, our young sailor was to ratify the vows so solemnly made in his name at his baptism. It was an event on which Mrs. Newburgh was particularly anxious, as she was aware how extremely uncertain it would be when he might meet with another opportunity; and she had always

considered it a rite proper to be administered, as soon as the church should think the young candidate of fit age to receive it. It happened very fortunately that, just at this time, there was a confirmation in the parish in which her son was born, and she gladly availed herself of the opportunity to lead him to the altar. Montague, fully aware of the solemnity of the rite thus enjoined by the church, was equally glad to receive this initiatory preparation for the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; and though he was looking forward to the career of earthly glory with the most aspiring hopes of success, and the highest ideas of confidence and courage, with the utmost humility of spirit he bowed to receive the blessing conferred upon him by the representative of Christ, on his confirmation in the privileges of the baptismal covenant.

Shortly after the performance of this ceremony, an intimation came from the captain of the frigate, that he expected to sail in the course of a day or two; and Montague, after taking an affectionate leave of his uncle, receiving the tender adieus of Miss Percy, and pressing the tearful Louisa to his bosom, took his mother's hand, and accompanied her to the carriage which waited to convey them to Southampton. A few moments were given to Manners at Sandhurst;

after which, arriving at Southampton, a vessel was immediately engaged to take them to the island, where they were hospitably received by Mr. and Mrs. Carlton. The two lads, who had been promised to accompany Montague to sea, had been previously prepared for the voyage. Peter Hopkins was likewise ready to attend him, the frigate came in sight, and Will Bowman's boat was put off to convey our young sailor on board. Montague received his mother's last blessing with an enthusiastic feeling of tenderness; and Mrs. Newburgh, tearing herself from the arms of her son, committed him to the watery element with the lively and apprehensive feelings of the mother, moderated and calmed by those of the Christian; and following the lessening sail which bore away the blessing and hope of maternal fondness, till it vanished in distance from her sight, she retired to her chamber, to offer a prayer for the safety of her beloved boy in the dangerous profession on which he was now entering, for his confirmation in all the virtues of which his opening years gave the early indication, and for his preservation from those vices to which early youth and sanguine dispositions are so frequently prone.

CHAP. XLV.

Time rolls its ceaseless course. W. SCOTT.



THE hopes and fears of our lovely widow were thus again embarked on the deep and tempestuous ocean; hopes, which she was fully justified in entertaining from the unfolding virtues and promising abilities of her son; fears, which the dangers of the sea and the temptations of youth could not but awaken in the bosom of a fond and anxious mother. Yet these two feelings, reflecting their influence on each other, were prevented from obtaining an undue ascendancy; and the calm and regulating principle of religion keeping them subservient to her precepts, the effect produced by their existence in the mind of Mrs. Newburgh was, in the course of a short time, of a most pleasing and consolatory nature. The impossibility of being informed on the subject of future events is a blessing we are not always willing to allow; yet it is not less certain on that account, the pain of Mrs. Newburgh's separation from her son was certainly lessened by her ignorance, that a term of

six years was to pass away before she should again have the comfort and satisfaction of seeing him: an uninterrupted intercourse by letter of the most tender and interesting nature was regularly kept up between them; and the constant expectation of an early meeting beguiled the time, which would have hung more heavily, had its duration been imagined to be so long.

It will not be necessary to enter into a minute detail of particulars, which would be only gratifying to persons whose relation with the sea might enable them to feel an interest in the movements of a ship during her long continuance on a foreign station. Attentive, assiduous, and courageous, Montague, during the time he was serving as a midshipman, did honour to the memory of his father, the abilities and exertions of his mother, and the hopes and expectations of his family; but he was in no action of consequence during some years, nor had he an opportunity of showing that courage and intrepidity which were such prominent features in his character: we will, therefore, leave him with Admiral Courley, to continue the study of his profession, and here briefly advert to the events passing in England, in which his mother was concerned, during the time of his long separation from her.

After spending a few days with Mrs. Carlton, and employing a part of that time in inquiring into the state of the families in the neighbourhood, Mrs. Newburgh returned to London, where her arrival was anxiously expected by Lord Penhurst, and by her two young friends, in whose society she soon learnt to think with delight and composure on the absence and situation of her beloved son.

From this time the improvements of Louisa, the protection of Elizabeth, and the welfare and happiness of both, became more immediately the employment of her thoughts. For the sake of the latter, she now determined on again entering into company. The age of Louisa being such, that though it would be improper for her to join her friend in public, she could be left occasionally for some hours to prosecute her own studies or follow her own amusements, the assemblies of fashion were again graced by the matured charms of our amiable widow, while those of the young and fascinating Elizabeth were not less striking or imposing. Although Mrs. Newburgh's guardianship of her lovely ward ceased on the expiration of the first twelvemonth after the death of her father, it had been productive of so much mutual gratification, that neither the one nor the other liked the idea of a separation. Mrs. Newburgh had not

failed to remark those singularities in the character of her young friend, which had been pointed out to her by the tender solicitude of her father; but, as they never appeared to obtain that ascendancy over her better principles, which might have rendered them dangerous to herself, or irksome and disagreeable to others, it did not appear necessary to do more for their subjection, than occasionally to give a few general hints on the propriety of conquering prejudices, and to be cautious of encouraging her propensity for satirical observations on the society of the world.

In company, Elizabeth excited much observation: indeed it was scarcely possible to be long near her, without being struck with her commanding figure, the beautiful symmetry of her features, and the impressive and energetic style in which she joined in conversation: yet, though she was generally admired, and there were very few men who did not think it an honour to receive her hand in the dance, or join the circle which generally surrounded her when she engaged in conversation, she did not inspire that sort of feeling which brought her the tender devotion of the heart. She attracted the eye, she delighted the imagination, she pleased the fancy: but with all her beauty, there was an imperious expression, which kept the

softer passion at a distance; and those who possessed her most engaging smiles, found no invitation to pass the boundaries of distant and respectful admiration. Yet it must not be inferred from this, that Elizabeth was incapable of inspiring other sentiments than those she commanded in the public circles of fashion: followed to the domestic circle, seen engaged in a familiar and interesting conversation with Mrs. Newburgh, or in a moment of harmless merriment with her younger but not less lovely companion, Louisa, the softer attractions were all her own; the restraint of female dignity vanished, and those nameless powers of gaining the affections, which were hidden from the cold uninterested remarks of the common observer, and the warm and impassioned gaze of the careless libertine, were exerted and employed to heighten the charms of the domestic circle, and to answer the original design of making woman so lovely.

If for this reserve in Elizabeth, another reason might be found, in a latent feeling of tenderness for one who had once shared her affections, must not that feeling be respected, which prevented the most distant encouragement of attentions from others, at a time when she was aware that they could not be received with sincerity?

The progress which Louisa made in her education under the management of Mrs. Newburgh, did ample justice to the exertions of her indefatigable instructress, and to the expectations formed from her natural abilities and disposition. Every returning spring exhibited her improved both in person and mind: the former was slight, elegant, and well-proportioned, and full of that animated loveliness which promised to ensure by its attractions the admiration of the crowded assembly; the latter was so highly cultivated, that it ensured its own tranquillity and the happiness of others by the various qualifications with which it was endued. She was not so generally accomplished as it is the fashion to think necessary for young women whose prospects are such as to turn their expectations towards the gay scenes of life; she could neither play on any instrument, nor had she compass or strength of voice sufficient to justify her attempt at singing beyond the quiet retreat of the domestic circle: in drawing, however, she excelled; but she did so without those sacrifices of time and more essential employments, which are sometimes attempted to be justified. Her taste for the art was so decided, that from a child she had shewn astonishing marks of proficiency; and, on this consideration, Mrs. Newburgh made it a point, during her annual visits to London,

to engage the assistance of one of the cleverest masters for the encouragement of her young friend. Under his direction Louisa made great progress; and although she never indulged her talent for caricature, after its dangerous tendency had been explained to her, yet she studied with success portrait-painting, which was a constant source of gratification and amusement.

Lord Penhurst, much to the surprise of his niece, very much rallied after the departure of Montague; and it was one of his greatest delights to examine the newspapers, in the hope of seeing some intelligence as to his station or movements. The society and attentions of his niece were now become absolutely necessary to him, and he derived much pleasure both from the finished manners and pleasing assiduities of the elder of her charges, and from the lively sallies and innocent jokes of the younger, whom he still at times continued to call "his little blue-eyed maid," or "his little Lady Penhurst." A part of the year was constantly spent in the country, where the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Carlton, and the improvements of their two lovely children, were a constant source of gratification; and where the hearts of the surrounding cottagers were always warmed by the presence

and smiles of the inhabitants of the Undercliff Cottage. The schools, which Mrs. Newburgh had established on the birth-day of her son, she continued to support, and the return of the day was always marked by some testimonies of remembrance in the surrounding neighbourhood.

CHAP. XLVI.

Does love of martial fame inspire?
Cherish, ye fair, the gen'rous fire;
Teach them to spurn inglorious rest,
And rouse the hero in their breast:
Paint Cressy's vanquish'd field anew,
Their souls shall kindle at the view;
Resolv'd to conquer or to fall,
When Liberty and Britain call.

COTTON.

IN this pleasing manner the five first years of Montague's absence passed, without the occurrence of any incident worthy of record. Letters from him and from Mr. and Mrs. Lenville regularly arrived, bringing pleasing intelligence from both quarters, but nothing remarkable from either. Admiral Courley still considered it uncertain how much longer he should be continued on his station; and the Lenvilles spoke, though without any confidence, of a hope of being enabled shortly to return to England.

It was about that period in the late war, when the powers of Europe were confederated in that unanimous opposition to usurpation and oppression, which promised an early crisis to the affairs of the continent. The newspapers were daily crowded with events of such general moment and universal interest, that the most indifferent entered into the discussion of public affairs, and even women were become speculators in politics. The victorious arms of England, in every successive battles, were causing the imperial eagle of France to crouch before the standard of royalty; and while every British eye was thus following our brave soldiers through the vallies of Spain, over the dark Pyrennees, and to the very walls of Paris, in their glorious career, there was scarcely a bosom, which did not feel the throb of individual apprehension and tenderness, intermixed with the glow of national exultation and triumph. Every gazette which represented an additional crown of laurel on the brows of Britannia, won by the valour and bravery of her sons, failed not to inflict a wound on many a tender and anxious bosom; and every fresh instance of national success, threw many a domestic circle into mourning and woe. The disposition of our naval forces at that period was such, and their opportunities of signalizing themselves so comparatively few, that no additional

alarm could be felt by female tenderness at home for the safety of their brave defenders at sea. Ever surrounded by danger and difficulty, the sailor was not more exposed then, than at a moment of less general interest; and though his heart of courage might feel restless in inactivity, and be longing to co-operate with the army in deciding the fate and happiness of Europe and of the world, yet those, to whom he was bound by the fondest ties of nature or of affinity, drew a secret comfort from his comparative security.

Among these might be reckoned our amiable widow and her spirited son. For while Montague, with all the natural glow of enthusiasm, which warmed the heart of every British youth, was longing for an opportunity to signalize himself against the enemies of his country, and emulate his father's deeds of fame; Mrs. Newburgh, although truly a patriot, and anxiously anticipating the moment when her son should stand conspicuously forward in the naval history of his country, had not so much of the Spartan matron within her, but that her tenderness found an equivalent for her son's inactivity in the relief it proved to her maternal fears. If Montague should be called into action, she trusted that he would not shrink from danger, nor act unworthily of his father or of his

country: but for every moment of his life, preserved from imminent risk or peril, although passed without the opportunity of gathering a laurel, she saw an occasion for gratitude towards Him, whose arm alone can guide "the mariner in safety through the trackless deep."

If such, however, were the tranquil feelings of Mrs Newburgh and her friends on the situation of our sailor, during this time of general interest and individual alarm, they had friends in the army for whose fate a constant anxiety was felt, and whose death-bells seemed to toll in their ears every time that the Park or Tower guns gave indication of some fresh instance of national success. Eagerly watching each successive return of killed and wounded, Mrs. Newburgh anxiously feared lest she should find the name of the brother of her friend Mrs. Lenville, who, having been promoted to the rank of general, had now a command in the Peninsula; that of young Lenville, who, having lately received a commission in the army, was just attached to the division of which his uncle had the charge, and for whose interest Mrs. Newburgh felt almost a parental concern; or that of the young man, who, having in the early and volatile stage of youth suffered so severely from the ebullition of unbridled

and head-strong passions, had, since his attachment to General Manners, to whom he was bound by every tie of honour and gratitude, been scrupulously observant of the precepts and example of his valuable friend, and was now as an officer of his personal staff, daily rising in his private esteem, and exhibiting in every successive engagement instances of cool bravery and determined resolution. The name of Captain Bellamy was never mentioned in the examination of each succeeding gazette; for uncertain if Elizabeth still felt any interest in his fate, Mrs. Newburgh was careful to avoid awakening any remembrances which might be painful to her young friend; and Louisa had been taught, from the first moment of her introduction to Miss Percy, that circumstances had existed, which rendered any allusion to him in her presence unpleasant. The hint had been sufficient; and though at first she felt some restraint at not being allowed to converse on a subject so interesting to her as was that of Captain Bellamy, she gradually became accustomed to it, and was contented with occasionally hearing where he was, when Mrs. Newburgh took any opportunity, in the absence of Elizabeth, of giving her any information on the subject. But though no observations were made aloud on the captain, Mrs. Newburgh did not fail to seek with much anxiety for

his name on the appearance of every list after a fresh engagement. Louisa was equally careful in casting her eye over the reports; and when it came to the turn of Elizabeth to take the paper, a cold chill ran through her veins, as she hastily looked over the names. She knew that young Bellamy had entered the army when his addresses to her had been objected to by her father, but she was ignorant to what regiment he belonged, or what rank he held; and though she naturally supposed that long ere this his affections had been fixed on another, or that the career of glory had obliterated the impression of softer emotions, the remembrance of the young soldier was still secretly cherished in her bosom; and with a beating heart she read the account of every successive battle, dreading to find the name of Bellamy recorded amongst the slain.

The ages of eight and eighteen dictate pursuits so dissimilar, that they will not allow of that assimilation of taste and sentiment which forms the basis of free and unrestrained friendship: but the difficulty ceases to exist at the ages of eighteen and eight and twenty: the difference of ten years is no longer felt; the sprightliness of the former sees nothing repelling in the maturing judgment of the latter; while the latter, still warm with the impressions of youth, feels nothing

inimical to her present feelings in the liveliness of the former: the one perhaps may appear to gain, and the other to lose, a few years in the assimilation; but it may be to their mutual advantage; and frequently on this foundation will rest a superstructure of the most solid and sincere friendship. It was such a sentiment that had been gradually cementing the hearts of Elizabeth Percy and Louisa Lenville, from the time when the latter was losing the frivolity of childhood, till she bloomed in all the loveliness of eighteen. It was such a friendship as this, that Mrs. Newburgh now rejoiced to see arrive at as high a state of perfection, as any feeling of the heart, which beats in the breast of frail humanity, can possibly attain.

The family were now in London: it was yet early in the spring, and Mrs. Newburgh, without plunging into the vortex of dissipation with her young friends, entered rationally into the amusements of the season. To Elizabeth they had lost many of their attractions: but Louisa, for whom they possessed all the charms of novelty, in addition to her taste for character and incident, enjoyed with peculiar pleasure every scene of gaiety to which she was introduced. The Hanover Square concert inspired her with genuine feeling of delight; she entered into the spirit and fascinating

scenery of the opera with all the warmth of quick fancy and lively feeling; and the numerous and varied groups in the splendid assembly opened a wide field for amusement and observation.

Elizabeth had for some time been subject to a distressing pain in her head, which, coming on immediately after dinner, frequently prevented her joining Mrs. Newburgh and Louisa in any engagement they might have formed: and she was seized with this sensation one day when Mrs. Newburgh had engaged to take Mrs. Berkeley in her carriage to the opera. She found that it would be impossible to join the party. But unwilling that any difference should be made in the arrangements for the evening on her account, she persuaded Mrs. Newburgh and Louisa to leave her alone, which they did with some reluctance. She changed her dress which had been prepared for the opera, and lying down on the sofa, felt very much relieved by the time that Barlow entered with the tea, which so greatly revived her, that she sat down to the piano forte, to practise some new music which Mrs. Newburgh had sent home in the morning; when, the door suddenly opening, Barlow entered, and announced a visitor, whose name, however, from the sound of the instrument, Elizabeth could not distinctly hear; and a gentleman entered the room.

"My mistress will not be late, I am sure, sir," said Barlow, as he placed a chair; "and I am certain she would be sorry to lose the opportunity of seeing you." With these words, he respectfully bowed, and left the room. The gentleman was astonished at seeing a lady, when he expected to be shewn into an empty room; and Elizabeth was little pleased at the interruption: they advanced towards each other in a reserved and hesitating manner. But their feelings changed as they approached each other: emotions of pleasure, of astonishment, of affection, were marked in the countenances of both; and they were hastening forwards, when stopping instinctively, as a fresh remembrance crossed their minds, they again in part drew back, and, "Mr. Bellamy!" and "Miss Percy!" were the only words that either of them could articulate. This restraint of affection, and this impulse of reserve, may by some be deemed trifling or unnatural. But can that emotion be called trifling, which proved so nice a sense of honour in Captain Bellamy, as he remembered the interdiction of the father of Elizabeth? Could that be called unnatural in Elizabeth, which evinced so strong a feeling of filial duty and respect?

Elizabeth waved her hand for Captain Bellamy to take the chair which Barlow had placed for him: and

the captain, placing another for her, silently complied with her wish: but some moments elapsed before either ventured to speak. At length, Captain Bellamy said, in a hesitating voice:—

"May I inquire for Mr. —— for your —— "

"No," replied Elizabeth pensively, easily guessing for whom her companion's emotion prevented his inquiring. "I have lost my father nearly six years: but although I severely felt the misfortune of his death, the kindness of my friend Mrs. Newburgh, with whom I have since resided, has much softened the pain it occasioned me."

"Were you acquainted with Mrs. Newburgh long before this melancholy event?" inquired Captain Bellamy. In reply, Elizabeth informed him of the accident which had led to their acquaintance; by which it appeared, that at the time he was making a visit to that lady in the Isle of Wight, she had not been introduced to Miss Percy. After this, Captain Bellamy, alluding as delicately as possible to the time when, by the wish of Mr. Percy, he declined his addresses to his daughter, recapitulated to Elizabeth the circumstances of his own life since that period, hiding no incident which

tended to evince the irregularity in which for some time it had been spent; and faithfully relating every particular relative to the affair of the duel with General Manners; warmly extolling the generous and forgiving disposition of that officer, expressing the gratitude he felt towards him, and finally representing the change which he trusted had ultimately taken place in his own feelings and principles, hoped that, if he found Elizabeth still disengaged, he might yet look forward to the recovery of her affection; and that, though her father did not live to retract his interdiction to their union, the approbation and consent of Mrs. Newburgh might be made the arbiters of his happiness.

Elizabeth remained some time silent after this appeal to her renewed tenderness: the venerated memory of her father made her fearful of indulging an inclination that had been repressed in deference to his experienced judgment; yet the openness and sincerity with which the object of her affection now enumerated the disgraceful follies of his youth, the candour with which he acknowledged his faults, and the honest warmth with which he represented the amendment of his principles, spoke so strongly in his favour, that she almost fancied, could her father have been acquainted with the alteration, his sentiments would

have been changed on the subject. The latter reflection so far prevailed, that, on raising her eyes to those of Captain Bellamy, and reading in them the constancy of his attachment and the sincerity of his professions of reform, the revival of her former hopes of happiness once more animated her countenance: her heart yielded to the impression; and, with a look of much softness, she presented her hand to Captain Bellamy saying, as he received it with eagerness, "I think I may, without disrespect to my father's memory, submit our happiness, Henry, to the decision of Mrs. Newburgh."

Captain Bellamy had scarcely thanked Elizabeth for this decision, with which she felt perfectly satisfied, when the door was hastily opened, and Louisa entered the room.

"Another victory, Elizabeth!" exclaimed she, as she advanced quickly towards her friend: then observing her companion, and instantly recognizing his person, she said, as she offered her hand, in a tone of surprise, "Captain Bellamy, I think!" then added, in a voice of eager inquiry, "Are you from the army? Are my uncle and brother safe?"

An absence of six years had made greater alterations in the person of Louisa than in that of Captain Bellamy, and he did not immediately recollect the little lively artless Louisa in the beautiful young woman who now gave him her hand; but the circumstance of seeing her in the house of Mrs. Newburgh, and her animated inquiries for an uncle and brother, quickly restored his recollection, and he instantly relieved the tenderness of his young friend, by informing her, that although the battle had been very bloody, both General Manners and his nephew were quite safe. Elated with the information, Louisa again left the room with precipitation, and meeting Mrs. Newburgh at the top of the staircase, threw herself into the arms of her friend, and exclaiming, "They are all safe! they are all safe!" relieved her feelings of joy at the intelligence by bursting into tears.

"I thank God, my dear girl," replied Mrs. Newburgh, equally relieved by the information: then drawing the arm of Louisa within her own, she led her back to the drawing-room, where the appearance of Captain Bellamy was a subject of equal surprise and joy.

Mrs. Newburgh read in the countenances of Cap-

tain Bellamy and Elizabeth, with interest and satisfaction, the mutual pleasure which this unexpected meeting had occasioned; but avoiding even by a look to express the conclusion she had formed on their feelings, she applied to Captain Bellamy for intelligence respecting their friends. The last engagement, it now appeared, had been long and severe, but the allied troops had been victorious; and, on the termination of the battle, Captain Bellamy had been entrusted by General Manners with an account of his proceedings to Government: he had only arrived on that day, and should have no time to visit his aunts during his stay in England; for, at the farthest, on the third day from the present, he must be on his voyage to rejoin the army. He then delivered letters to Louisa, both from her uncle and from Manners, telling her, as he gave her that of the latter, that she might be proud of a brother who had preserved the standard of his regiment, supported only by about a dozen soldiers, from the furious attack of a hundred of the enemy, who had particularly aimed their vengeance against him. Louisa received the letter with a glow of enthusiastic affection for the writer; and, casting a look of gratitude to Mrs. Newburgh, said, "Manners never could have earned this laurel, if you had not taught him to conquer his prejudice against the water." She read the letter of

her brother aloud; but, after perusing that of her uncle silently, gave it to Mrs. Newburgh, saying at the same time to Captain Bellamy, "If my thanks were of any value, how richly should you be paid for the preservation of so valuable a life."

Captain Bellamy accepted this acknowledgment from Louisa with the modesty of true courage, and with the delightful consciousness of having, by the permission of Providence, been a safeguard to the man, whose life he had once attempted to take by force. The silent approbation which he saw in the eye of Mrs. Newburgh, as she perused the letter of General Manners, was even more gratifying; and, as it was transmitted from her hand to that of Elizabeth, he anticipated the confirmation of his dearest hopes. In fact, the letter in question contained such an instance of his courage in the late engagement, as made a deep impression on the army in which he fought, drew forth the warmest praises from his general, and demanded a feeling of gratitude from all those who were interested in the fate of him for whom he had risked his own person.

General Manners had been surrounded by a strong guard of the enemy; the broad sabre of one of them

was raised to strike him to the ground; when Bellamy, observing the danger of his valued friend, instantly darting through the crowd, followed by a small party of his men who were near him, killed the man on the spot, whose sword was pointed to the breast of his general, and, with the assistance of his faithful followers, compelled the enemy to fall back. The action was noticed in the dispatches to Government; and, before Bellamy returned to the army, he was promoted to the rank of major.

It would be unnecessary to enter into a detailed account of the few hours which were passed in Mrs. Newburgh's house during the stay of Captain, or as he may now be called, Major Bellamy. The discussion of public affairs engrossed some part of the time; the subject of Montague was one of highest interest to his friend; and that of his own views with regard to Elizabeth was not omitted in his conversation with Mrs. Newburgh. On this subject it will be sufficient to observe, that Mrs. Newburgh, fully satisfied that the reasons which induced Mr. Percy to refuse his consent to the marriage of his daughter with young Bellamy no longer existed, gave her full acquiescence to the renewal of his addresses. Elizabeth, who only waited her sanction to avow the constancy and since-

rity of her attachment, gave every assurance necessary to satisfy the anxiety of him for whom she felt a sincere regard; while Bellamy himself, satisfied in the possession of a heart he had so dearly learned to value, cheerfully obedient to the calls of honour and of his country, prepared with alacrity to rejoin his companions in arms; trusting his life submissively to the God of armies, and happy in the reflection that the prayers of Elizabeth followed him to the field of battle.

CHAP. XLVII.

Act as thy birth demands, as nobles ought;
Look back, and, by thy worthy father taught,
Who earn'd those honours thou wert born to wear,
Follow his steps, and be his virtue's heir.

CHURCHILL.

THE entrance of the allies into Paris, and the restoration of the house of Bourbon to the French throne, very soon followed the return of Major Bellamy to the army; and the prospect of a general peace made Mrs. Newburgh turn her eyes towards her son, in full confidence of his being shortly restored to her maternal fondness. Lord Penhurst also looked with much anxiety to the probable return of his nephew. It was apparent, both to himself and to others, that his constitution was yielding very fast to the pressure of age and infirmities: he was now so much reduced, as to have occasioned Mrs. Newburgh's determination not to visit the island during the approaching summer; and he earnestly wished that he might be blessed with the sight of the heir to his title and estate once more before he paid the debt of nature.

In the midst of this expectation of the probability of Montague's return to England, the morning paper announced that the frigate in which he sailed had been dispatched by Admiral Courley in search of a ship belonging to a nation with which we were then at war; that every probability appeared of their coming to action; and that a desperate engagement was likely to ensue. The paragraph first caught the attention of Elizabeth, who, being in the breakfast-parlour with Louisa before the descent of Mrs. Newburgh, drew her attention towards it, and consulted with her, whether it were better to mention it to their friend or not. Some days might yet elapse before any farther information might be received; the interval would be an extremely anxious one, if Mrs. Newburgh were apprized of her son's danger; her alarm probably would at last be without foundation; and whatever the event might prove, there seemed to be no necessity to anticipate evil. After hesitating some moments in their deliberation, Elizabeth and Louisa agreed to let it pass unnoticed; and although they both felt a lively and tender interest for the situation of the young sailor, and the tears that fell from their eyes bore testimony to a sentiment of anxiety for his safety, they agreed to stifle their emotion, and prepared to meet Mrs. Newburgh with their usual composure.

" Any thing worth notice in the paper this morning, my love?" said Mrs. Newburgh to Elizabeth, as she poured out the tea.

Elizabeth found a great deal worth notice; at least, a great deal which she thought it worth while to read aloud, that she might retain possession of the paper; while Louisa, understanding her motive, appeared particularly interested in any anecdote she related. She kept the paper till breakfast was over; when placing a pin against the paragraph in question, and sending it, as usual, to Mrs. Berkeley, she accompanied it with a note, desiring her to make no remarks to Mrs. Newburgh on its subject.

By this affectionate care of her young friends, Mrs. Newburgh was spared the anxiety she would have felt the three following days, which intervened between the appearance of this indication of activity in her son's ship, and the period which brought an account of the severe action in which he had been engaged. Elizabeth and Louisa daily and anxiously watched the arrival of the newspaper, eager, although fearful, to see the event; when, on the fourth morning of their solicitude, " Capture of the ——— frigate, by Captain ———" arrested their attention, and made every

pulse beat with hope and fear. Passing over the detail of the engagement, they looked with anxiety to the list of killed, which, though numerous, represented no name they knew; then following that of the wounded, the name of "Montague Newburgh, midshipman," immediately caught their attention; but the painful feeling which it awakened was softened by the epithet of "slightly" being added; and the observation which followed, "while gallantly hauling down the enemy's colours," was an additional and a gratifying balm. Delighted with the intelligence they had to convey to the feelings of a fond and anxious mother, and thankful that their caution had spared her much unnecessary apprehension, Elizabeth and Louisa both ascended to Mrs. Newburgh's dressing-room, which, receiving her permission, they immediately entered. Louisa was pressing eagerly forward, but Elizabeth requested her to be gentle; and she left her friend to give the pleasing information they came to communicate.

Mrs. Newburgh perceived the animation in the countenances of her young friends, and immediately said:—

"Well, girls! what news this morning? Any account of our army-heroes?"

"No," replied Louisa eagerly; "but one from our naval hero, dear Mrs. Newburgh."

"From Montague, from my son!" exclaimed Mrs. Newburgh; "where, where is he?"

"Safe, safe," replied Elizabeth and Louisa at the same moment; "he has been in an engagement, but is safe."

The tender, the grateful mother asked no more; but instantly sinking on her knees, and raising her swimming eyes to Heaven, devoutly thanked the Almighty for the preservation of her son. Elizabeth and Louisa, struck with this movement of piety, insensibly followed her example, and a few minutes were passed in silent but fervent offerings to the throne of grace. Elizabeth and Louisa then, quietly retiring, left Mrs. Newburgh to recover her composure, and hastened to impart to the servants the intelligence of their young master's safety. It was received with the most sincere and heart-felt expressions of joy, and their honest congratulations were a pleasing tribute to the maternal affection of Mrs. Newburgh, as she passed through the hall, where they were all assembled to receive her. On their arrival in the breakfast-parlour,

the account of the action was perused and re-perused by the whole party with feelings of increasing interest; and the slight apprehension which the idea of the wound had occasioned to the tenderness of the mother, was almost lost in that of the honour it conferred on her son. A note was instantly dispatched to congratulate Lord Penhurst on the event; and the arrival of the following short letter from Montague, about an hour afterwards, increased and confirmed the general sensation of delight and satisfaction.

"My dearest mother,

"I shall not return to you, I am happy to say, quite inglorious. I have at length been engaged in one of the hardest and most severely contested actions that have been lately fought. The enemy fought so well, that victory was for some time doubtful; but, I thank God, it at last rested with us. We were resolutely repulsed three times in boarding, and the slaughter was dreadful; but we became ultimately masters of the enemy's deck; and I had the honour of making her colours strike to the standard of England. Some hostile musket knocked my hat off, and gave me a little blow on the head, while engaged in this service; but it gives me little inconvenience, and occasions you no alarm.

"Adieu! my dearest mother. I anticipate with feelings of pleasure the joy and gratitude, which you will share in the honour and safety of

"Your affectionate son,

"MONTAGUE NEWBURGH."

"P.S. I write in haste, for we are going to rejoin our brave admiral directly. This is going to England by a sloop of war. I hope to see you in the course of the summer. Remember me respectfully to my uncle, affectionately to Miss Percy and Louisa."

Immediately after breakfast, Mrs. Newburgh ordered her carriage to go to her uncle's; but Lord Penhurst arrived in Berkeley Square before it could be prepared. He had read the account of the action, in which his nephew had been engaged, with feelings of pride for the honour of his family, and of affection for the person of his young relation: indeed, the latter feeling had gradually become so strong, that, if it did not surpass, at least it equalled, that of the former. Since his frequent intercourse with his niece, he had allowed the natural humanity of his disposition to triumph over the perverted ideas of the world, which he had imbibed from an erroneous education. Having

acquired a more liberal view of things than that which is to be obtained while the mind is clouded by low and narrow prejudice, he now entered with sincerity into the real interests of his nephew; and while he still remained naturally anxious that the heir of his title should be an ornament to the coronet he was to wear, by bringing to it the dauntless spirit of the patriot, and the unspotted honour of the British sailor, his views now extended beyond the idol of the former, which had been the boundary of his hopes before the conquest of his first prejudice in relation to the sea, and of the latter, which had for some months after that period formed another limitation of his wishes. His residence with his niece, and the gradual growth of serious reflection in his mind, in quelling the obstinacy of unreasonable prejudice, had paved the way to the admission of higher ideas of the human intellect, and more sublime conceptions of the operations of the mind. Though they were well and nobly employed in the assertion of freedom, and in defence of the rights of our king and our country; yet he began to reflect that this was not to be the ultimatum of exertion, and that the applause of admiring crowds and the approbation of a grateful sovereign were not the end and limits of reward. He learnt that the integrity of the man must accompany and support the

energy and capacity of the statesman; that the purity the inviolable charity of the Christian, must be the magnet of attraction for the honour of the sailor. It is not to be wondered at then, that the feeling of ambition in Lord Penhurst was very much subdued by one of a calmer and more temperate nature. As he well knew the integrity of heart and purity of principle, which by the blessing of Providence on the indefatigable exertions of his mother his nephew promised to bring to his title, (though he fully estimated the honour he had acquired in the hard contest in which he had been engaged,) a feeling of gratitude for the preservation of a life, which promised so much credit to its possessor, and comfort to those with whom he was connected, was most predominant in the mind of his lordship. Under this influence, he entered with strong marks of emotion the room in which Mrs. Newburgh received him, and scarcely able to allude to the subject of his visit, embraced her with the most affectionate earnestness. The letter of Montague was then shewn to his lordship, over which he shed tears of joy and affection; and remaining to dine with his niece, he declared that all the servants should drink the health of his nephew in a bumper.

CHAP. XLVIII.

Where is to-morrow? In another world.
For numbers this is certain: the reverse
Is sure to none.

YOUNG.

THE brightest prospects in life are not without some dark and unsightly spots; the fairest day in summer rarely passes without a cloud. Happy in the honour and safety of her son, looking forward with a reasonable hope of being very soon blessed again with the comfort of his presence, anticipating for the amiable Elizabeth the peaceful bliss of nuptial happiness, for the lovely Louisa the delight of being again received into the arms of parental fondness, Mrs. Newburgh seemed to enjoy complete satisfaction. Her thoughts had so many pleasing objects to rest upon, that there was scarcely an interval for that one tender feeling of regret, which, without the slightest distrust of the justice of Divine Wisdom, could never cease to linger in her bosom; for she could truly say, with the

Roman Valesia, of her husband, that "though dead to the rest of the world, he could never be otherwise than alive to her." However, this feeling, soothed and moderated as it was in the bosom of a Christian widow, was no impediment to her peace of mind, and she could now think and even speak of her husband with pleasure and tranquillity. But, in the midst of this calm, the attention and alarm of Mrs. Newburgh were suddenly directed to a quarter where she had hoped, at least for some time, she had no danger to fear. The growing infirmities and increasing debility of Lord Penhurst have been hinted at: but, for the last few months, he had appeared to rally very sensibly; and both he and Mrs. Newburgh looked forward with a hope that he would live to see the return of his nephew after his long absence from his country and his friends. He had pictured to himself the surprise he should receive from the alteration in his appearance from the boy to the man; he felt his spirits rise at the prospect of the comfort he expected to derive from his society; and he even went so far as to imagine that his strength would allow him to accompany his nephew to the hereditary seat of Penhurst, which his singularities had occasioned him so long to neglect, that the tenants were not even personally acquainted with their lord; and where he wished to point out the

improvements he should like to have made, and to impress on his mind the propriety of residing on the estate. The subject was one of frequent conversation with his niece, who, convinced of the propriety of such a measure, entered freely into its discussion, and even herself entertained hopes of seeing her uncle the restorer of the dilapidated mansion of Penhurst Park.

After conversing on this subject one evening to a late hour, Lord Penhurst returned home in higher spirits than usual, saying, as he left his niece, that, to prepare for the journey to Penhurst, he was of opinion they had better make their usual visit to the island. Mrs. Newburgh saw no objection to the plan, and saying that they would converse upon it again in the morning, wished her uncle a good night. Lord Penhurst kissed the hand of his niece as he returned the salutation; and Mrs. Newburgh, pleased at seeing him so cheerful, returned to her young friends, and conversed with them with unusual animation. She little thought that the good night of Lord Penhurst were the last words she should ever hear him speak; that the kiss he had imprinted on her hand was the last mark of affection she was ever to receive from him.

Mrs. Newburgh had retired to bed some hours, when she was suddenly awoke by a violent rapping at the front door, which, however, occasioned but little alarm, as it happened not unfrequently through the thoughtlessness and frolic of the midnight-passenger. On its being repeated, she rang her bell, and was quickly informed that the rap had been given by a messenger from her uncle, who had been taken alarmingly ill. She lost no time in rising; and immediately proceeding to the house of Lord Penhurst, ascended to his bed-chamber. But the apoplexy had been so violent, as to leave no shadow of hope that a favourable termination would result; the recollection of his lordship had completely failed; though he turned his eyes on his niece, he gave not the slightest indication of knowing her; and Mrs. Newburgh, after anxiously watching the spark of life, which for some hours could only be discovered by a faint and imperfect respiration, saw it at length totally extinguished. Though she had not the satisfaction of being again recognised by her uncle, she had at least that of closing his eyes with care and tenderness.

Thus, in the space of a few hours, was removed from the consequence of rank and from the enjoyment of wealth and worldly dignity, William, Lord Penhurst;

and thus in the same interval was exalted to all the honours and appendages of a dazzling peerage Montague, the sailor's son. In her first moment of distress, while she was paying the last tender offices to the remains of her uncle, and closing the eyes which but a few hours before had looked on her with expressions of kindness and affection, the change which had thus suddenly taken place in the situation of her son entered not the mind of Mrs. Newburgh. Reflections on the life and death of her uncle naturally arose to her fancy, and, on recapitulating the events of the last few years, she found much reason for comfort and consolation on his account. He had been gradually recovering from that state of indifference to things both temporal and eternal, which had for several years obscured the existence of many virtues, and effaced many amiable points in his character; and she humbly trusted that the improvements he had made in the latter years of his life in religion and virtue might find acceptance through the merits of our Saviour, and obliterate the remembrance of former errors and deviations. Occupied by these reflections, she continued for some time silently to view the body of her uncle: then, after having given every necessary direction to the servants, and taken every precaution for the security of the property, she

returned composed, though much depressed, to her own house. The intelligence of the death of Lord Penhurst had arrived before her; and the tears of unaffected sympathy flowed from the eyes of Elizabeth and Louisa, as they received their friend on her arrival. Mrs. Newburgh breakfasted with them, when after giving some necessary directions in regard to mourning, which she requested both Elizabeth and Louisa to wear for his lordship, she retired to her own room.

It was now, as the first impression of her uncle's death lost its violence, that the idea of her son arose before her, thus suddenly raised from the station of a private gentleman to the rank of a peer of the realm, within the space of two years to become the master of a large fortune and unincumbered estate, and likely in the present state of affairs to have his time entirely at his disposal. What a multiplied list of temptations to be spread before a youth of nineteen! What a fascinating assemblage of allurements to seduce him from the path of virtue and happiness, and lead him into that of vice and misery! Oh! where is the shield that can protect from the perils of rank and splendour; where the breast-plate that will withstand the attacks of wealth and luxury; where the weapons that will ward off the approach of idleness and leisure? They

may be sought for in many recesses, but they will be found in one alone; in one, however, they will be found, if diligently and sincerely sought; and it was a source of the purest and most consolatory nature to Mrs. Newburgh, thus anxious for the fate of an only and beloved child, on the point of being launched on the ocean of worldly honours, rank, splendour, and fortune, that she had taught him from the earliest stage of infancy to learn his absolute dependance on his Maker; to look to Divine favour and protection for the standard of his duty and the guardian of his virtue; to suppress every inclination inimical to this precepts, and to encourage every disposition which might secure the approbation of God; that she had taught him, as reason first dawned, to distrust himself, to rest all his hopes of happiness on the merits of an all-sufficient Saviour; and had instructed him to expect no success in any undertaking, nor any protection under any difficulty, without the sanctifying assistance of the Holy Spirit. Thus having discharged, to the extent of her power and ability, the duties of a Christian mother towards her son, she looked with humble confidence to the trial which awaited his virtue, in the fair prospect which was now exhibited before him; she offered a prayer to Heaven that the exertions she had made might be crowned with success in the

preservation of her son, uncorrupted amidst the temptations to which he was going to be exposed; and she earnestly prayed that the virtuous disposition and correct principles which had been his safeguard through his boyish years, and led him with credit and honour through the trials of a profession which spreads many temptations in the path of heedless youth, might still continue to uphold him in innocence and virtue. Then taking her writing-desk, before she returned to the drawing-room, she wrote to her son, to inform him of an event, which, in depriving him of his only relation, except herself, had given him the title of Lord Penhurst.

CHAP. XLIX.

Happily I have arriv'd at last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE remains of Lord Penhurst were deposited in the family-vault at Penhurst Park, and the property, Mrs. Newburgh being sole guardian of the young lord for the next year and a half, was to be under her care. She let the house in Grosvenor Square, and determined that the estate at Penhurst should remain in its present condition till the return of her son, when she doubted not but that he would concur with her wishes, and with those of his late uncle, in restoring it to its former beauty, and making it his occasional residence. Thus having superintended the execution of every thing relating to her new trust, and having arranged her uncle's affairs as far as could be done without the presence of her son, she determined to pass the approaching winter in the island, where the presence of herself and her companions was particularly pleasant to her friends the Carltons.

In the preceding spring Mrs. Carlton had presented her husband with another son, who, in compliment to his god-father, had received the name of Montague. The infant grew very finely for some months, but on the first indication of teeth had been seized with violent convulsions, which in the short space of an hour had left him a corpse in the arms of his tender mother. From the shock, which this unexpected affliction occasioned, Mrs. Carlton had scarcely recovered, and the hand of careful and affectionate friendship was never more acceptable than at present. Mrs. Carlton was not insensible to the consolations of religion, to the watchful tenderness of her husband, nor to the claims which the helpless years of her other children were on her exertions : but she was naturally of a weak constitution and delicate sensibility; and they were more than ordinary efforts which she was obliged to make, to overcome the depression occasioned by the severity of her affliction.

With that delicate caution which the feeling heart alone can dictate, and those nameless attentions which derive their first importance from their unobtrusive silence, did Mrs. Newburgh endeavour to divert the mind of her friend from the loss she had sustained and an intense reflection on the past; and insensibly

lead her to find an equivalent for her sufferings in the blessings still preserved to her, and to divert her thoughts to the future welfare of the two lovely children she still possessed. The attentions of friendship were successful; the tender mother could in the course of a few weeks meditate calmly on the death of her infant, think with grateful serenity on his removal to realms of uninterrupted happiness, and again do justice to the unceasing solicitude of her husband. Delighted at the favourable revolution in the spirits of his wife, Mr. Carlton forgot not to whom he owed the restoration of her peace of mind; and while in his private devotions he offered his incense of praise to the SOURCE of all good, he forgot not to remember *her* who had been the agent through whose exertions the blessings had been restored to him.

In the winter-vacation, William Lenville, who had been for the last two years prosecuting his studies with much diligence and credit at Oxford, joined Mrs. Newburgh. He was a young man whose merit to be duly appreciated must be known; but once known, never could be forgotten. He was a correct and elegant scholar, possessed much discernment in his choice of literary pursuits, and was well versed

in those theological studies, necessary for the sacred profession for which he was designed. The same firmness of character, which had marked his earliest years, continued to be a leading feature as he advanced towards manhood; but it was still accompanied by that timidity of disposition for which, as it was a fault of nature and not of inclination, he could not be condemned. He felt no inclination to enter into large and mixed companies: but at Mr. Carlton's or at Mrs. Newburgh's, where he knew he was beloved, and where he dreaded not the eye of indifference or contempt, he felt perfectly at ease, and would pour forth, for the amusement of the domestic circle, the repositories of a mind well stored, and exhibit every pleasing qualification, calculated to sooth the cares and increase the joys of social life. Mrs. Newburgh frequently conversed with him on various topics with great pleasure and satisfaction; and in his long walks over the cliffs with Elizabeth and Louisa, he was the amusing, as well as the instructive companion.

Although the blessing of peace had now restored many brave men to the bosoms of their families, General Manners and his two companions were yet detained in the standing army abroad; and although

the captain of Lord Penhurst was daily expecting to receive an intimation that his ship was to be paid off, the Admiralty still delayed the order for his return. About this time a letter with the Jamaica post-mark was delivered to Louisa, who eagerly breaking the seal, on recognizing the hand-writing of her mother, found in it the joyful intelligence that her parents were now on their passage home. In a few more days it was followed by another, dated Portsmouth, which announced their safe arrival in England; and while William was preparing to take his sister across the water, to meet their beloved parents, a vessel appeared in sight, which, on approaching the shore of the Undercliff, dropped her anchor immediately opposite the cottage. The boat was instantly let down; and Louisa, who could hardly be persuaded by Mrs. Newburgh to put her arms into her pelisse, or throw a beaver-hat over her head before she left the house, flew towards the shore, reached the edge of the water as the boat was run upon the strand, and the next moment found herself in the arms of her father. Breathless with the violence of parental emotion, Mr. Lenville could scarcely support his wife as he assisted her out of the boat: then yielding his lovely child to the maternal embrace, he clasped these two dear objects of conjugal and parental tenderness, silently

returning thanks to Heaven, first, for his safe return to his native land, and next for the blessing which met him on his arrival. By this time William joined the interesting group, and animated beyond his usual custom at the idea of seeing his father and his mother, whom from his infancy he had loved with a warmth of affection, which in his earliest years had been a reproach on their indifference, approached to welcome their return with marks of tender and impressive affection. Though Mr. Lenville had not yet sufficiently recovered his serenity to be capable of speaking, he received the hand of his son with the most cordial symptoms of affection; and the feelings of Mrs. Lenville as she gave him an embrace, were those of a tender and affectionate mother.

The party now proceeded to Mrs. Newburgh, who had not followed her young friends to the sea-shore; and as they walked along, Mr. and Mrs. Lenville began to examine the persons of their children, which an absence of between eight and nine years had altered almost beyond recollection; but the mild and timid tenderness of the boyish William was still discernible in the elegant youth whose improved person they now gazed on with astonishment; and the lively expression of the lovely Louisa's speaking blue eye still awaked

the remembrance of her childish archness of expression; while the character of Mrs. Lenville's beauty, though traced with greater delicacy in the person of her child, was an incontestable proof of her identity. They now arrived at the cottage, where, on meeting Mrs. Newburgh, who had evinced towards them the value of disinterested friendship, and towards their children had executed a trust for which no gratitude could be adequate, Mr. and Mrs. Lenville endeavoured, but in vain, to express the sense they felt of her kindness.

If such were the feelings of these delighted parents on their first introduction to their children, and on the observation they made on their personal improvements, what must have been their increase of pleasure, as they became acquainted with the virtuous dispositions with which they were endowed? For we are not to consider Mr. and Mrs. Lenville as we once considered them, wedded to the opinions of the world, and confined in their wishes towards their children to seeing them the idols of transient admiration and the votaries of fashion. Adversity, that chastener of pride and vanity, that humbler of the self-sufficient spirit, had taught them to pause and to think. Driven, as it were, to reflection, the hand of Friendship had

lent them its assistance to point out the remedy for the evil, and to administer comfort to their souls. Grateful for her assistance, and attentive to her admonitions, they had courted and won the aid of Religion: their hearts had become purified, their passions regulated, and their parental feelings turned into their proper channel. Satisfied that during their absence from England their children were under the protection of a friend, who had both the will and the capacity to direct and superintend their education, immediately on their arrival in Jamaica they had resolved to continue there, in order to retrench their expenses till they should have arranged their affairs to their satisfaction. They had now so far succeeded as to leave their estates in a flourishing condition, under the management of an overseer, whose character was well known for integrity and humanity; and having liquidated every debt which they had formerly contracted in England, and hearing a more favourable report of their property at home, they had now resolved once more to indulge themselves with a sight of their native land, of their friends, and of their children; and they returned fully adequate to appreciate the worth of which they were themselves the eye-witnesses in two of them, and which report represented the spirited soldier to possess.

The satisfaction of Mrs. Newburgh was complete on the subject of her friends, except on one point; and this was one on which she would not allow herself to indulge one selfish feeling. Mr. and Mrs. Lenville, soon after their return to England, finding their favourite cottage unoccupied, immediately hired it for their residence; and when they took possession of it, Louisa naturally returned to her paternal roof. Mrs. Newburgh found it a great trial to resign the charge which for the last eight years had proved so constant a source of pleasure and interest; but she did not allow herself to reflect on the deprivation; and the vicinity of her young friend, whose affection for Mrs. Newburgh was only surpassed by that she entertained for her mother, quickly reconciled her to the separation. A day never passed without their meeting, the assiduities of Elizabeth after the removal of Louisa were redoubled towards Mrs. Newburgh, and the same friendship continued to be cherished between the young people. Pleased with the finished manners and elegant mind of Miss Percy, the Lenvilles encouraged her friendship for their daughter with assiduity; and thus was restored and increased the society of the Undercliff, which produced so many happy hours during the first part of our memoirs.

There was *one* however not to be discovered among the group, whose presence had then ever been its life, whose absence was a continual source of regret, and whose arrival was now anxiously expected by every individual. But the event of this arrival, as it was one on which the hopes and wishes of so many turned, will be reserved for the subject of the next chapter.

CHAP. L.

But lo, at last he comes with crowded sail!
Lo, o'er the cliff what eager figures bend!
And hark, what mingled murmurs swell the gale!
In each he hears the welcome of a friend.

ROGERS.

ON the return of the spring, the Lion of war was again unexpectedly roused by the escape of Buonaparte from the Island of Elba. The courage of every youth in Britain again rose to quell the expiring attempt of tyranny; and female tenderness was again alarmed for the safety of the sailor and the soldier. Poor Elizabeth contemplated the sable garment of maiden-widowhood, instead of the bridal robes she had been for some time busied in preparing; the Lenvilles looked mournfully towards the event of a contest by every one prognosticated to be marked with blood and slaughter, anticipating the fall of a brave and worthy brother, or of a son, cut off in the first spring of youth and vigour; and Mrs. Newburgh, equally anxious for the fate of her military friends,

felt an additional concern for that of her beloved son, when she heard the reports of active movements likely to take place in the navy, and that probably some ships would be employed in a dangerous service. Affected by this fresh alarm, she forgot not in whom to put her trust; nor did she forget that she was a mother!

The dreadful, the decisive battle of Waterloo, while it extended over the soldiers of England a widely spreading branch of ever-verdant laurel, failed not to entwine the cypress round the wreath of victory. But death passed innocuous over the heads of those, for whom in the cottages of the Undercliff parental affection, fraternal love, and betrothed tenderness, were hourly offering prayers to Heaven. Their names were all distinguished in the report of the battle: but the protection of Providence shielded them from mortal injury. Again the sword was sheathed, a reduction of the naval force was again expected, and again the return of Montague was anxiously anticipated. The newspaper was searched in every corner for naval intelligence; the arrival of the postman was watched with unusual eagerness; the servants were daily inquiring if any intelligence had been received of their young lord; the neighbouring cottagers were anxious.

to see him, and wondered if "my lord" would ask about their families, and speak to them as kindly as Master Newburgh used to do. Amongst the cottagers the Bowmans and Batters' were naturally the most solicitous; for their parental feelings were awakened on the occasion, and their hearts beat with the same emotions at the remembrance of their humble sons, as did that of Mrs. Newburgh on anticipating the filial embrace she should receive from Lord Penhurst.

The day past, on which Montague attained his twentieth year: Mrs. Newburgh had hoped it would have been spent in his company; but she did not allow her spirits to fail; and having invited the usual party of cottagers to dine on its anniversary, she entertained them with her usual cheerfulness and alacrity. It had been a remarkably clear day, which made the constant rain which fell on the succeeding one appear more than usually melancholy; the wind, though it was the middle of April, blew with all the fury of an equinoctial gale; and the waves of the ocean rolled majestically over the strand, and dashed their foaming brine against the chalky cliff. The evening closed; and Barlow said, as he drew the curtains, "it was but foulish weather at sea." Mrs. Newburgh replied to the observation by desiring him to inquire if any

of the fishermen's boats were out, and if the assistance of himself, or of the servants, would be useful to any of the mariners in the neighbourhood.

The tea was brought in, and Elizabeth took her usual place at the board.

"It was such a night as this," said Mrs. Newburgh, "that my dear Montague, when only eleven years of age, saved the life of a lad who was thrown on shore apparently dead."

"Then he very early shewed that intrepid spirit which makes me so much his debtor," replied Elizabeth. "But what were the circumstances of the accident, my dear madam," continued she, anxious to engage her friend in conversation. Mrs. Newburgh then related the incident of Peter Hopkins being thrown on shore, just as it happened; and Elizabeth found in the relation fresh reason to admire the young man, who had been so instrumental in the preservation of her own life.

Mrs. Newburgh and her companion continued in conversation to a late hour; the former feeling a depression on her spirits which made her unwilling to

lose the society of Elizabeth; while the latter, never anxious to retire early, felt particularly pleased at sitting up this evening, that she might dissipate by her presence and conversation the light cloud of apprehension which seemed hanging on the imagination of her friend.

Mrs. Newburgh, who never wished to keep the servants up unnecessarily, told Barlow that when they were ready they might go to bed: they accordingly had retired some time before their mistress. She then desired Elizabeth with a smile to indulge her with one of her favourite tunes, and she would keep her from her rest no longer.

"Oh! you know, my dear Mrs. Newburgh," said Elizabeth, "I am never in haste for bed." Then taking her seat at the piano forte, she played the old sailor's song of "The Heaving of the Lead," which she accompanied with her full and melodious voice. On coming to the words—

"With transport we beheld the roof,"

they seemed to speak so feelingly to the heart of Mrs. Newburgh, that a tear rolled down her cheek; and

Elizabeth at the moment pausing as she saw the emotion she had awakened, the interval gave both herself and Mrs. Newburgh the opportunity of hearing the wicket hastily closed, which opened from the shrubbery to the sea-shore. They listened attentively: in a few moments footsteps were heard approaching the house, and the shrill barking of Prince gave notice of the arrival of a stranger.

Mrs. Newburgh started from her seat.

"Can it be?" said she to Elizabeth, as she listened in increasing anxiety.

"We had better ring for Barlow," said Elizabeth, immediately taking hold of the bell-rope.

Barlow was already in the hall, for he had not been in bed, and had left his room as soon as he had heard the barking of Prince.

"It must be he," said Mrs. Newburgh, as she eagerly pushed towards the door. Elizabeth gently detained her; for she was aware that in a retired neighbourhood other people might approach a house, than those who had any interest in the inhabitants.

By this time, however, Barlow had opened the door; and Mrs. Newburgh, hearing voices in the hall, could restrain the impatience of maternal hope and fear no longer: she ran out of the room, and instantly recognizing the object of her solicitude in the fine youth who hastily approached her, she scarcely articulated, "It is, it is, my Montague," and fell half fainting into the arms of her son.

What a moment of bliss for both mother and son! What a reward to the former for the patient submission with which she had borne so long a separation from the object of all her hopes! what a recompense to the latter for the cheerful discharge of a long and tedious service, and such a protracted absence from his country and his friends! The first feeling of maternal fondness moderated, Mrs. Newburgh forgot not to give a kind welcome to the faithful Peter, who stood respectfully by the side of his master: the other youths had immediately gone to their respective cottages, where, beneath their lowly roofs, they awoke the same feelings of tenderness which met the embrace of Lord Penhurst. Mrs. Newburgh could not avoid connecting this circumstance with the idea that Peter Hopkins had no father and mother to welcome his return to a happy fire-side. It brought an additional

smile to her countenance as turning to the humble companion of her son, she gave her hand to the honest tar, which he received with gratitude; when, accompanying Barlow to the kitchen with the rest of the servants, who were by this time all assembled in the hall, Lord Penhurst, after noticing particularly every individual domestic, led his mother back to the drawing-room; and Elizabeth, with sincere expressions of pleasure, approached to welcome her young deliverer, whom she would now scarcely have recollected, from the alteration which the lapse of six years, a sea-life, and a continual change of climate, had made in his person and appearance.

Mrs. Newburgh had now leisure to gaze on the features and expression of her son's countenance, and the manliness and proportion of his figure, both of which so forcibly resembled those of his father, that the tears flowed rapidly down her cheeks on the recollection. What her late husband had been when first he gained her affections, such was her son at this moment: his eyes had the same tender expression, the warm suns of Italy had given to his complexion the same manly brown, and there was the same air of dignity in his manners and address. Montague saw the emotion of his mother, and, guessing the occasion,

approached her with an air of solicitude, and taking her hand, pressed it with tenderness to his bosom. Mrs. Newburgh dropped her head on the arm of her son, and said, while the tears still flowed rapidly down her cheeks :

" Forgive me, Montague, nor doubt the warmth of my affection for you, if I allow one painful recollection to cast a cloud over the perfect joy your presence should occasion."

" I should but half love my mother," replied Lord Penhurst with much feeling, " if I thought she had forgotten to think with tenderness of my father; nor would it be any happiness to me to possess that portion of her affection which is due to his deeply venerated memory."

With these words he again pressed his mother to his bosom, and the painful regrets of the widow were again calmed in the gratified feelings of the mother.

Barlow now entered, to inquire if " his lordship" would not take any thing; for Peter said he had eat nothing all day.

"Thank Peter for his attention, Barlow," replied Montague, "and bid him make the best of old English fare again; but for myself, I believe, I must have a run over the Cliff before I shall feel any inclination to eat." Barlow bowed respectfully, and withdrew.

"The pleasure of seeing my mother," continued Montague, as he again extended his hand towards her, "has usurped the place of every other sensation." Mrs. Newburgh took her son's hand with affection, and then asked when he had arrived in England? Montague informed her that his ship, to the command of which Captain Berkeley had lately been appointed, and on board of which the admiral's flag had been hoisted on their return, cast anchor in Portsmouth-harbour during the preceding night; but owing to some arrangements with Admiral Courley, relative to his meeting him in London, he had not been able to leave Portsmouth till a late hour in the evening, when his friend set off for London. He had then hired a boat; but the weather was so unfavourable, that his men had a hard pull on shore, which was the occasion of his arriving so late. Mrs. Newburgh again pressed her son to take some refreshment, but he felt no inclination for any thing but a glass of cold water; when hearing the clock strike three, and fear-

ing that his mother would suffer from having her rest so long disturbed, he proposed retiring to bed for a few hours, even if they were not disposed to sleep. His prudent advice was taken; and the same roof once more sheltered the mother and her son.

CHAP. LI.

Dear to my soul is all this valed scene ;
  I know each spot, where'er my eyes I bend ;
Each leafy wood, clear rill, and meadow green,
  All seem to greet me as a well-known friend.

REV. E. HANLEY.

"AND where is Louisa? Grown I suppose beyond all recollection;" was almost the first inquiry that Montague made, as he joined his mother and Elizabeth at breakfast, after having past a few hours in bed. The removal of Louisa to her father's house, with the return of the Lenvilles to England, answered the first part of the inquiry: "Of the growth of your old playfellow," continued Mrs. Newburgh, "you shall be yourself the judge, and may be so as soon as you please; for our friends are again the inhabitants of their old cottage." On this intelligence, Montague said he should certainly pay them a visit in the course of the morning, and proceeded to inquire for the Carltons, whom he much valued and esteemed. He felt sympathy for the sufferings of Mrs. Carlton on the

death of his little god-son, and then made particular inquiries for all the poor people whom he had known before he went to sea, saying that he should have much pleasure in seeing the Bowmans and Batters', for their sons were a credit to their situation in life. He then spoke of the army, and of the probability that appeared of the return of their friends, as the division of General Manners expected to receive an order for England.

"That will be a great pleasure to us all," replied Mrs. Newburgh smiling, and looking at Elizabeth; "we were fearful that they might still be detained in *France.*"

"I declare, I almost repent giving you this information," said Montague good-humouredly addressing Elizabeth; "you and Bellamy were both of you so sly. However, as the day of my return to England, after so long an absence, ought I think to be a day of jubilee, I forgive you both, and will promise you a most hearty welcome to Penhurst Park."

The expression of Elizabeth's eye replied to the kindness of Montague; and on the subject of the Park being mentioned, Mrs. Newburgh said that she hoped

it would soon wear a very different appearance from that which it did at present.

Montague replied that he hoped it would; and then informed his mother, that, as it would be necessary for him to go to London almost immediately, where he probably should gain his lieutenancy without any difficulty, he hoped that she would accompany him on his journey; and that before they returned to the island, he thought, if it met her approbation, they had better proceed to Penhurst, see exactly what repairs and improvements were required on the estate, and give the necessary orders for their accomplishment; by which means he thought that, by the time he should be of age, the house might be capable of receiving its owner.

Mrs. Newburgh very much approved of this plan, and asked Elizabeth, with a smile, if she would venture so far from Portsmouth as to join her and her son in this excursion?

Elizabeth accepted the offer with pleasure, and the journey was fixed for the next day after the following.

Soon after breakfast, Lord Penhurst asked his mother if she were inclined for a walk? On her answering in

the affirmative, he invited Elizabeth to join them, and giving an arm to each, they proceeded to the strand. Having been amused at hearing the surmises of the cottagers, whether he would speak to them now he was "my lord;" to convince the honest people that pride is not the offspring of real, but imaginary consequence, he made a point of visiting their cottages before he called on his own friends. He was received with those honest expressions of joy, which evinced their attachment to the man, not their adulation to the title; and the affability and kindness, with which Montague received and returned the civilities and congratulations offered him, convinced the cottagers that they had no diminution of regard to fear from his recent acquisition of rank. The parents of the two youths, who had been his faithful companions during his long absence from England, were comforted by the good characters he gave of their sons; and the promise of his future bounties, whether at sea or on land, relieved them from apprehension for their future welfare.

The Carltons were the next to whom Montague paid a visit. For Mr. Carlton he had a feeling beyond even that of friendship; at least it was a friendship that connected with it a sense of grateful obligation, which seemed to have a claim on his warmest regard.

To Mr. Carlton alone, besides his mother, did he feel indebted for a share in that excellent education, which he had the good sense and discrimination to discover was of more intrinsic worth than the splendour of rank and fortune; and for him consequently alone did he entertain that sort of feeling of which he had so large a portion for his mother. Mr. Carlton, who had from the first moment of his connection with Montague, adequately appreciated the estimable points in the character of his pupil, had felt a sort of parental interest in his welfare; and their meeting was now productive of those pleasing sensations which the remembrance of their former connection was calculated to inspire.

Mrs. Carlton was much affected on seeing Montague, and the remembrance of her infant again awaked in her mind some painful reflections. Montague, however, endeavoured to divert her from the source of her sorrow, by the observations he made on the growth and improvements of Mary and Edward; and the gambols of the lively Edward, who, delighted with Montague's good humour, soon got acquainted with him, and climbed nimbly up his knees, attracted her attention, and restored her composure.

Mr. Lenville's cottage was the next point of attraction to Lord Penhurst: but here he met with a disappointment; for the servant informed him that the family had gone to Newport very early in the morning, and it was uncertain whether they would return before the next day.

"I had rather they had postponed their journey till to-morrow," said Montague, turning from the door, "for I long to see my little wild companion, and I dare say she has some inclination to be introduced to her grave Mentor again, as she used to call me; however, we ought not to be too prodigal of our pleasures, and we must reserve the Lenvilles for to-morrow."

To say the truth, Louisa was as anxious to meet Montague, as Montague was to see Louisa, and the reason was obvious.—They had spent four years under the same roof, had divided between them the whole affection of a most tender and most agreeable of instructress, had joined in the same sports, and had followed the same pursuits. By this association, their attachment had become intimately mutual, and when they parted with a warm embrace of affection, they had felt all the pain of a separation of the most tender

brother and sister. The impression of this attachment had been uniformly kept alive by a constant correspondence; each had ever been accustomed to look on the other as an object of the purest love; and consequently their eagerness to meet corresponded with this feeling of affection. They only thought of each other as they had last parted, while tears of regret had mingled with their painful embraces, and they expected to meet with the same feelings of unrestrained attachment.

" And now, Montague, whither will you go; " said Mrs. Newburgh, as they left Mr. Lenville's.

Montague smiled. " You suppose then I must continue moving, my dear mother," said he, as he again gave her his arm: " we will go home, if you please; for I think you look fatigued, and I do not forget you had very little rest last night."

" And your walk over the Cliff? " asked Mrs. Newburgh.

" That will do for the evening," replied Montague, " or to-morrow morning: not now, for I am sure you are fatigued."

Montague's observation was correct; and he immediately conducted his companions home, where he found a letter from Admiral Courley, desiring him to be in London the following evening.

"I am afraid this haste must deprive me of your company, my dear mother," said Lord Penhurst, as he gave the letter to Mrs. Newburgh; "you can scarcely be prepared in so short a time."

Mrs. Newburgh, however, on consulting with Elizabeth, said that her preparations would not occupy much time, and, to forward the journey, recommended their proceeding the same evening to Southampton. The proposition was too good to be neglected, and Montague was obliged to defer the pleasure of seeing the Lenvilles till his return. He left his regrets on the occasion, and his kind remembrances for them, with the Carltons, and adding his most affectionate love for Louisa, prepared for his journey. There was now a point of decision in the regulation of this journey, which it appeared difficult to determine. What servant should be chosen to accompany them? Mrs. Newburgh never moved without Barlow; and Hopkins had been so long in the habit of attending on his master, that he considered it the greatest mis-

fortune to be removed from him for a day. Two servants were not only unnecessary, but would be in the way; for as they were only to spend a few days in town, they meant to accept an invitation, which they had repeatedly received from Mrs. Berkeley, to pass them with her. At length, however, as Hopkins had some prize-money to receive, the decision was made in his favour; and Barlow, though he saw his mistress depart with regret, was satisfied with the arrangement. The night was passed in Southampton, and at the close of the next evening, the party arrived in London.

CHAP. LII.

His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.
POPE'S ILIAD.

BOTH Mrs. Berkeley and her son received their visitors with the cordiality of true friendship, and the old lady was as cheerful and lively at the age of sixty-six, as she had been at that of sixteen.

"What a parcel of idle boys we shall have about us," said she to Mrs. Newburgh, "during these peaceable times. I have been telling Frank," added she, as she put her knitting-needle in her cap, and looked laughingly over her spectacles, "that he must learn to knit stockings, and make cabbage-nets; for I shall soon be tired of seeing him turn over Hamilton Moore, and spell all the names in the Navy-List."

Mrs. Newburgh said that any employment was better than idleness, but that she should not suspect Captain Berkeley to reckon among his faults any disposition to one so at variance with the activity of his profession.

"Ah! I do not know," replied Mrs. Berkeley; "they may all have enough of the harlequin about them on board ship, but they seem to me to lose a little of their energy on shore."

Captain Berkeley thanked his mother good-humouredly for her compliment; and Montague said, "I think, captain, as your mother is so fearful of your sinking into a lethargy, you had better run down to my estate with me, and I will employ you there for the next twelvemonth as a day-labourer, and will engage you shall not want occupation."

"I have a great mind to accept your offer," replied Captain Berkeley; "for next to the smell of sea-water, I enjoy that of the country; and I should inhale it in its purity while toiling in your fields."

"Seriously now, captain, I wish you would accompany us," said Mrs. Newburgh: "the weather is so fine, that Montague will prefer riding on the outside, and Miss Percy and I will give you a seat between."

"Ah do," added Montague.

Mrs. Berkeley looked grave, and took off her spectacles to see whether her son accepted the offer; for, although she could laugh and joke about his idleness, and the sad necessity there was for his remaining so long on shore, she doated on his society, and would never willingly be separated from him for a day. Captain Berkeley saw the sudden change in his mother's countenance; and, although he was sighing for the country, and longed for the proposed excursion, assured her she might make herself perfectly easy, for he had no intention to go.

Mrs. Newburgh saw and admired this sacrifice to filial affection; and, anxious to cultivate so desirable an acquaintance for her son, said to Mrs. Berkeley, "Do persuade Captain Berkeley to accompany us; we shall only be gone a few days; and the fresh mountain breezes will be of service to him." On hearing that they were only to be absent a few days, Mrs. Berkeley joined in pressing her son to accompany his friends; and as his mother's was the only persuasion he required, Captain Berkeley promised to join the party; and the subject was dropped on Admiral Courley's being announced.

Both Captain Berkeley and Montague received Ad-

miral Courley with the strongest marks of respect and esteem; and the pleasure of Mrs. Newburgh was visible in seeing her old friend. After sitting some time, Admiral Courley begged Mrs. Berkeley's permission to converse for a few minutes with Lord Penhurst in another apartment; then, saying he should run away with his fair friend too, he drew Mrs. Newburgh's arm within his own, and Montague respectfully drawing back, followed them into the adjoining room.

After desiring Montague to meet him the following morning at the Admiralty, where there was no doubt but that he would meet with immediate promotion, he said to Mrs. Newburgh, while a tear started into the eye of the hardy veteran, and his voice trembled from emotion:—

"From the moment when, agreeably to the Divine will, my dear madam, the brave man, who had grown up under my care to rank and honour in the British navy, fell nobly by my side in battle, I found a balm for the wound I received at his death, in a hope that, I might perhaps have the satisfaction of seeing him live again in a son, and that it might also be my happiness to train this son to glory. My increasing years, it is true, were against the indulgence of this hope; but my

health and strength encouraged it; and, under its influence, I made the offer to you of pledging myself, as long as I lived, to take the same care of him as I had done of his father. Your own spirit and exertions, my dear madam, prepared my young friend for his entrance into his profession; and from the instant that he joined me, I considered him as my peculiar charge. I never have been a father: but I can scarcely imagine the paternal feelings to exceed those I have experienced on his account and on that of his beloved father. I have seen him rapidly improving in the knowledge which is necessary to the discharge of his nautical duties; I have seen him brave with the bravest, cool with the most experienced, and collected in moments of the greatest difficulty and danger. More than this, my dear madam, I have seen him improving in virtue: I can assure you that I know of no vice to which he is addicted; and I conceive him to be a Christian not only in name but in principle. To-morrow, I trust, I shall see him promoted to the rank of a lieutenant; and here my professional care of him, in all human probability, will cease; for it is not probable that he should meet with employment again directly; and God forbid that the present universal peace should be broken before I am laid in the grave. But my affection and regard, my dear madam,

both for him and you, can never cease; and his welfare and your's will demand my first prayers as long as I have power to offer them."

In saying this, Admiral Courley with parental tenderness embraced the woman, whose husband and son had been to him as a son and grandson; and Mrs. Newburgh, deeply affected by the address of her worthy friend, and the sentiments of regard and esteem he professed, returned the salute with her eyes bathed in tears. Montague, almost as much moved as his mother, gave his hand to his friend with a sentiment of veneration and gratitude, which he had no words to express, and said he hoped he would always look upon him as his son, and indulge him and his mother with frequent visits. Admiral Courley told him cheerfully that he had no room for him in his little schooner in the island; but that when his young friend should get on board his line-of-battle ship at Penhurst, he did not know but he would come and hoist his flag with him.

"I shall not forget this promise, admiral," said Montague.

"Nor shall I, believe me," added Mrs. Newburgh.

Admiral Courley then, patting Mrs. Newburgh on the shoulder, as he observed the remnant of a tear on her countenance, said, "Come, my good madam, we must be men again now;" then taking her arm, he returned to the drawing-room, followed by Lord Penhurst.

The next day Montague received his lieutenancy, and at the same time was gratified by a compliment paid him for his conduct in the action in which he had been engaged. It was rather remarkable that the spirited indication of intrepidity, which gave rise to this compliment, was very similar to that which had occasioned the gift of the studded dirk to his father, by the officers of his ship, and which was so highly prized by Montague as his father's legacy. The same acknowledgment would have been made to him on the present occasion; but on the idea being intimated to Admiral Courley, who knew the strong filial feelings of his young friend, he told the officers, that though the sentiment which suggested the gift would be highly gratifying to him for whom it was designed, he knew a manner of acknowledgment which would be even more grateful to his feelings. He was begged to explain himself; when drawing up a short address to his young friend, in which it was stated that he "had

won, and might wear, the dirk of his father," he gave it his own signature, and offered it to the rest of the officers for theirs. They complied with his wishes in signing it; the letter was presented to Montague, and was reckoned more acceptable by him than the most valuable present could have been.

Having spent a few days in London, Mrs. Newburgh and her three companions took leave of Mrs. Berkeley; and the former prepared to introduce her son to the seat of his ancestors. While the father of Mrs. Newburgh was its possessor, it had been almost the constant residence of himself and his family: there she first drew her infant breath; there she spent the first few years of her life under the tender and watchful care of her invaluable parents; there she received the foundation of those solid and substantial principles on which was built the happiness of her present and future prospects. As one instance, however, among a thousand, of the uncertainty of all worldly enjoyments, the same year, which saw her united to one of the worthiest and tenderest of husbands, deprived her of both her beloved parents; when her father's title and estate of course descended to his brother. We have seen enough of the late Lord Penhurst to feel no surprise at his determination to leave Penhurst Park

without inhabitants. Feeling no interest for the world in general, he had none for that spot in particular; and the trouble of residing constantly in London appeared to him less than that of having the superintendance of two establishments, and of keeping up the beauties of widely extending plantations. On his reconciliation with the world, effected by the tender assiduities of his niece, his increasing age and infirmities represented the idea of restoring the former splendour of Penhurst Park as a concern of too great magnitude for him to attempt; and the delicacy of Mrs. Newburgh prevented her suggestion of a plan, the accomplishment of which was one of her first wishes. The probable return of Montague from sea had rekindled a desire in his uncle of personally introducing his young heir to Penhurst: the hand of death had prevented the completion of his wishes. But feelings of respect for his uncle, for his grandfather, and above all for his mother, made it the first wish of Montague to be introduced to a spot, on which, as the place of her nativity, and the residence of her beloved parents, she appeared to look with so much interest and veneration.

Penhurst Park was situated in one of the most beautiful and romantic parts of Sussex, surrounded

by hills, whose sides were partially clothed with luxuriant hanging woods; and in the midst of rich valleys, abounding, with corn-fields intermixed with meadow and pasture lands, and diversified with every variety of woodland scenery. The house, which stood on a gentle ascent, was embosomed in thick and tall plantations, which prevented its observation from the passenger in the valley, while it rendered it an object of picturesque beauty from more elevated ground. The village from which the estate takes the name, formed an additional feature of interest in the prospect: while the top of the sacred edifice, "that points with taper-spire to Heaven," awakened a feeling of sacred pleasure in the contemplative mind on approaching the spot where it stood.

"You must be fond of nature for her own intrinsic beauties," said Mrs. Newburgh to her travelling companions, as they descended the winding road which led to the seat of her nativity; "for you understand," added she, "that perhaps we may meet with no other food than what she offers for our refreshment after this long journey."

Elizabeth replied, "That a fast of some hours would be well repaid by so beautiful a variety of prospect

as they were then admiring:" and Captain Berkeley observed that, "whatever trials they were exposed to, he must not complain, while he had ladies for his fellow-sufferers."

Montague now turning round from his seat on the box, to ask his mother if yonder was not the spire of which he had so often heard her speak, she answered in the affirmative; and, on thus again contemplating the scene of her early years, she could not forbear indulging a pensive reflection on the past; and the post-boy was the next to break the silence, by asking whither he was to drive.

"There used to be a very decent inn," replied Mrs. Newburgh.

"Oh! yes, there is a very good inn, my lord," said the man, addressing Montague.

"Drive thither, then," replied Montague. The man followed his directions; and the party, alighting at the sign of the Bull and Bear, gave no small degree of pleasure to the officious landlord and his bustling wife.

CHAP. LIII.

Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain.
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies!
Each, as the varied avenues of sense
Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,
Brightens or fades; yet all, with magic art,
Control the latent fibres of the heart.

ROGERS.

"HAVE you beds enough for so large a party?" was Montague's first question to the landlord, who, often bowing and hesitating, whispering to his wife, and bowing and hesitating again, replied, "Oh! dear, yes, they had plenty of beds." The busy landlady, whose piercing eye had not failed to notice the coronet on the carriage, and who had already anticipated the pleasure she should feel in relating the present honour to her neighbours, asked if "my lady" would not like to walk up and look at them? Mrs. Newburgh accepted the offer of the good woman, who was much puzzled in attending her up stairs, at hearing Elizabeth

address her by the simple appellation of Mrs.; and when soon after she had occasion to speak of Miss Percy, whom she had before called the young lady, she took some credit to herself, and called an additional simper to her countenance on honouring her with the title of Lady Elizabeth. Elizabeth could scarcely refrain a smile; and Mrs. Newburgh, who was as much inclined to enjoy an innocent joke at the expense of the landlady, addressed her companion immediately by the name of Miss Percy. The dismay of the poor woman was truly laughable at this fresh disappointment; when she was again relieved by a call from her husband, to come and take his lordship's orders for dinner. Delighted at this explanation, she waited instantly on his lordship; and Montague, after having given his directions, and signified his intention to his mother, who with Elizabeth retired to make some alteration in their dress, walked with Captain Berkeley towards his hereditary seat. On arriving at the lodge, he found the large gates so closely fastened, that no admission could be gained; and, after repeatedly knocking against the window, concluding there were no inhabitants, he proceeded to seek some other entrance. On turning from the gate, his attention was attracted by the appearance of a venerably looking old man, standing in the middle of the road,

leaning on a stick, and apparently watching his movements. On meeting the eye of Montague, as he retired from the gate, he respectfully put his hand to his hat, and said :—

" There's no manner of use in your knocking there, young gentleman; for there's nobody living there, nor ha'n't this many a day, more's the pity."

" But I wish to see the grounds," replied Montague; " can you tell me who has the key of this gate?"

" Ah! there han't a ben much to see in them besides briers and brambles," replied the old man, while a tear started into his eye, " for better than this twenty years past; but howsomever, sir, if you lacks to go into such a wilderness, I'll show ye the way to Farmer Stevens', who keeps the key of the park, and collects my lord's money, and that."

" That is the very person I wish to find," said Montague; " and I will thank you to shew me his house."

The poor old man's countenance brightened at the idea of being employed; and, as they proceeded onwards, again indulged in the garrulity of age.

"'Tis but baddish, sir, for the poor of Penhurst now-a-days; mighty different to what it was when my lord that's now happy in heaven lived here himself. To be sure, Farmer Stevens is a good sort of a man; but then, sir, he's got a large family of his own, and wants helping himself; and then there's the parson, never a better man lived, but he's as old and tottery as I be almost, and we did not think he'd get through the last winter. I never could hear, sir, much about the last lord that was, except that he said he did not care what became of Penhurst Park, so long as 'twas no trouble to him. They brought him here to be buried though, sir; and the people do say, that the young lord is a very fine young gentleman, and says he will come down and live where his grandfather lived before him, and where sweet Miss Louisa was born, and where she was married to the fine navy captain there, sir. Ah! sir!" continued the old man, while the tears flowed rapidly down his cheeks, "there has not been much of joy in Penhurst since that day. It was all merry and joyful then; but soon after that my lord and my lady both died, and we have not been blessed with a sight of one of the family since. To be sure, sir, I have not long to live, so it ought not to be matter of much account to me; but I do think, if I could but see Miss Louisa, that I have danced and

danced so often in my arms once again, and know that the young lord, her son, was coming to live at Penhurst, I should go more peaceably into the grave."

The old man here paused from the violence of his emotion; and Montague, who had been deeply affected by his narrative, answered with much animation, as he held out his hand to him who appeared so strongly attached to his family:

"The young lord *will* come and live at Penhurst, my good friend: it is one of his first wishes to reside on the estate of his fathers; and you will, I trust, see again and again your sweet Miss Louisa, whom I am proud to call my mother."

"God bless you, sir!" replied the old man, in an accent of joy and surprise; "and are you really then the young lord? Oh, what a blessed day for Penhurst!"

Montague slipt a piece of money into the hand of the old man; and telling him he might go and find out "Miss Louisa," at the Bull and Bear, as they now arrived at Farmer Stevens', he entered the house with his friend.

Stevens, who was of that description of farmers who are themselves the hardest labourers on their soil, and whose wife and daughters superseded the necessity of female servants by their attention to their poultry-yard and dairy, on being informed that it was Lord Penhurst who addressed him, expressed in terms of respect the pleasure he felt on seeing him: and when he heard that the object of his visit was to give the necessary orders for the repairs of his estate, on which he meant to reside, the greatest satisfaction appeared in the countenance of the honest man.

"Penhurst never wanted a head, as one may call it, my lord," said he, "more than it does at this moment; for the poor people are all in a sad condition. It is not that there is no one disposed to help them, my lord; for I can answer for all the farmers, as well as for myself, that we are very willing to do any thing for their relief. But then there's nobody to set us a going, as one may say: there's a great many of them out of work, because there's no spirit among us to give them employment; and as to the children, they are always running about as wild as colts, because there's nobody to take care of them, and give them any education."

"Have there been no schools established here," inquired Montague, "as there have been in so many other places?"

"Why, my lord," answered Stevens, "who should set about it? It is impossible that the poor old gentleman at the parsonage should stir in it, for he has been dying by inches, as one may say, for the last six months; and though we farmers would very willingly give our trifles towards it, we don't understand much about setting it a going."

"My mother," replied Montague, "will, I am sure, be very happy to lend her assistance in this or in any other plan for the comfort of the neighbourhood; and as for myself, although much capacity for these things must not at first be expected from a sailor, I shall be very happy to attend to any of your suggestions, or to work under her directions."

Pleased with the affability and address of his young lord, Farmer Stevens said, that he hoped Penhurst Park would be something like what it used to be; but the clock now striking five, Montague rising to depart, made an appointment with the farmer to accompany him to the Park on the following morning, and then

returned to the house where he had left his mother and Elizabeth, which could scarcely be dignified with the name of inn.

By this time the intelligence of Lord Penhurst's being in the village was generally spread, both from the report of the old man and from that of the busy landlady, who had at length discovered the real titles of all her guests; and Montague, on his return to the inn, received many a congratulatory bow, which he failed not to acknowledge with a look of kindness and affability. He now received from his mother the account of old John West's visit, whom she had recognized through his age and infirmities as her father's gardener at the time of her marriage; and to whom she had given a promise, if it should meet with her son's approbation, of admitting his son in the same capacity at present. This was a great cordial to the heart of the old man, who said he was sure by the look of the young gentleman, "he'd have no objection to take his son for his servant." Montague with much willingness complied with his mother's wishes in this affair, and accordingly old West's son was one of the first engaged on the estate. Dinner was now brought in; and although there were no symptoms of the splendour or luxuries of the modern hotel to be met

with in this humble dwelling, every thing was neat and cleanly, and the constant attentions and assiduities of the good people of the house were of some price.

The next morning the whole party went to the cottage of Farmer Stevens, who was ready to accompany them to the Park. Mrs. Newburgh felt her heart sink as she re-entered the seat of her nativity, and as she reflected on the various changes which had taken place since she left it on the morning of her marriage. The very appearance of neglect and desolation, even if connected with no local feelings, is apt to produce a melancholy sensation; but there were so many causes of regret associated with the present dilapidation of Penhurst, that their effects were forcibly increased in the imagination of Mrs. Newburgh. Yet it was but for a moment that she allowed herself to look at the dark side of the picture. She quickly turned to the brighter prospect, and looked towards her son, in whom she saw the restorer of the honour of her father's house, the reflector of all her husband's worth, the object of indescribable happiness to herself, and the spring from which she hoped would proceed comfort to the whole neighbourhood around. Instantly more pleasing reflections arose, and she entered with interest and cheerfulness into all his plans of improvement.

In the mean time Montague, (in whose mind were no painful associations to lessen the satisfaction with which he contemplated the field which lay before him for the exertion of his benevolence, and to whom the first spring of youth and a heart unchilled by sorrow gave a keener zest to the happiness which was extended in perspective before him,) with all the ardour of hope, and inspired by an earnest desire to acquit himself with honour in the station of life to which he was called, examined every part of the dilapidated mansion; penetrated into every avenue of the extensive plantations; consulted with the prudent and honest farmer on points in which he was likely to be the best adviser; on matters of taste and local improvement, with his mother and his friends, and respectfully looking to the advice and opinion of Mrs. Newburgh before he formed any determination. The pleasure he felt on the consideration of the ample fortune, of which he was likely soon to be the possessor, proceeded not from the prospect of being enabled to drive his four in hand, to keep the finest pack of hounds in the neighbourhood, or give the most luxurious and luxuriant entertainments, but from the pure and refined delight of being an agent in the hand of Providence, to distribute comfort and happiness to numbers of his fellow-creatures; and in the

seat of his ancestors, in the midst of his surrounding tenantry, to reflect the light of honour and virtue on the former, and be the object of faithful attachment as the friend and the support of the latter.

In pursuance to the directions given, after the examination of the mansion and the plantations, in the course of a few days workmen were introduced into the former, and labourers were employed in the latter. These few days were not unpleasantly spent by the party at the Bull and Bear, though their enjoyments proceeded not from the luxuries or conveniences to be found in the house. But the rides and the walks in the neighbourhood offered a rich treat to the lovers of picturesque scenery; and Montague and Captain Berkeley, when the ladies were not disposed to accompany them, took long excursions on horseback; the latter of whom, who was really unwell when he left London, derived much benefit from the exercise and pure air he enjoyed on the Penhurst hills. Mrs. Newburgh and Elizabeth during the absence of their companions rambled through the Park, visited the cottages of some of the poor, among whom the former found several elderly people who remembered her. She also paid a visit to Mrs. Stevens, the farmer's wife, to consult with her in what points the poor people seemed

to require the most assistance. In this worthy woman Mrs. Newburgh found the true spirit of benevolence, and that sort of inclination to do good, which wanted only incitement, or rather a director, to become truly useful.

Every thing being arranged, as far as could be at present, relating to the restoration of Penhurst Park to its ancient beauty, Mrs. Newburgh and her son determined to return to the island, whither they wished Captain Berkeley to accompany them: he, however, being desirous to return to his mother, prepared to take the London-road; while Montague, telling him the next time they met at Penhurst he hoped to receive him at the Park, handed his mother and Elizabeth into the carriage; and, when he had mounted on the outside, they proceeded immediately to Portsmouth, and the next day found themselves in the Undercliff-cottage.

CHAP. LIV.

——— nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
THOMSON.

ALTHOUGH the mind of Montague had now an extensive range to exercise its powers of reflection, and although his heart was filled with sentiments of delight on the prospect which was opening for the exertion of his generous and benevolent disposition, the remembrance of former friends was not likely to be obliterated from his memory, nor his regard for them to be lessened by other ties. On his return to the Undercliff, therefore, the pleasure of seeing the Lenvilles was one of the first ideas which occurred to him, and he hastened to pay them a visit. Mrs. Newburgh accompanied him, and he spoke with all the warmth of affection, of his meeting with his former playfellow and companion, Louisa. A farther disappointment, however, awaited him; the evening being very fine, Louisa had accepted an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Carlton, to take a long walk on the seashore, and Mr. and Mrs. Lenville were alone.

"I declare, I should not have known you," said Mr. Lenville to Montague, as he gave him a cordial shake by the hand.

"I think, I should have known you any where," said Mrs. Lenville, as she approached with a smile of welcome to receive her young friend.

Mrs. Newburgh, who felt a lively pleasure on the exhibition of every fresh indication of attachment to her son, said that she traced the same features, though of course much altered by the length of his absence: and Montague observed, that whatever changes might have taken place in his appearance, his affection for his friends was capable of no alteration.

"I wonder if Louisa will recollect you," said Mrs. Lenville.

Mr. Lenville was near the window, and holding up his finger to claim attention, he said, "Here she comes, fresh and rosy from her walk by the water's side; she does not know you are here; so we shall be able to judge."

"My mother will explain who I am," said Montague.

Mrs. Newburgh, however, on Louisa's entering the house, retired to the window, and standing with her back to the door, removed this corroborating evidence of her son's person.

Montague, impatient to be again introduced to his young friend, eagerly looked towards the door at which Louisa was now hastily entering; when observing a gentleman, whom she supposed to be a stranger, she paused, and a deeper tinge than even the fresh breezes of the sea-water had occasioned dyed her animated countenance; her straw-bonnet, which she had taken off, being quickly replaced on her head, added, by the elegant negligence with which it half concealed her beautiful hair, to the loveliness of her figure; and, as she naturally looked to her father and mother for an introduction, Montague was so struck with the improved person of his young friend, and the interesting expression of her countenance, that for some moments he felt no inclination to undeceive her. At length, however, extending his hand towards her, he asked if she had quite forgotten her old grave Mentor? when Louisa, though still hesitating and confused, received it with the softest smile of congratulation.

Thus after the lapse of a few years what revolutions take place in our persons and our feelings! The boy and girl who had been brought up together under the same watchful and tender eye, and feeling for each other the most unrestrained attachment parted with sensations of the most tender regard; they met again after the absence of a few years, scarcely recognizing each other, while the advances of each were restrained, and their feelings perhaps were scarcely definable. In seeing a lovely and interesting young woman, instead of the wild and playful child, Montague instantly recollected that it was not a sister he was addressing; and in the blush which overspread the face of 'Louisa,' as she saw a fine young man where she had been accustomed to see the lively boy, it was evident she felt that Lord Penhurst was not her brother.

Changed as was the nature of the sentiment which still warmed the hearts of these young people towards each other, it still existed; every time they met, their feelings bore testimony to the fact; every succeeding interview strengthened and cemented the mutual interest which subsisted between them; and Mrs. Newburgh was not insensible to the tender impression on the heart of her son. It was an impression she had anticipated from the moment when the improving

graces and amiable disposition of her lovely charge had exhibited her as capable of exciting the tenderest admiration; and although the determination she had always made of leaving her son the arbiter of his own happiness on so important a point as that of marriage, prevented her hinting her most distant wishes on the subject, or even allowing her to draw the outlines of a character for her son, which appeared to her so truly estimable as that of Louisa Lenville; yet it was an event of which her mind had loved to anticipate the probability, to which she had looked with a feeling of satisfaction as she was sowing the seeds of virtue in her heart, and which she considered as the confirmation of the principles of her son. She had looked with anxiety to the moment of meeting between the young people; she followed with feelings of delight the growth of their attachment; and although, still resolved to use no influence, she was yet silent on the subject, she daily expected its commencement on the part of her son. Nor was she long in suspense: Montague, fully sensible of the kindness and tenderness of his mother, only waited to be convinced that the attachment was mutual to make his mother the repository of the dearest secret of his heart; and representing to her with all the warmth of honourable and disinterested affection the happiness he had pro-

mised himself from his union with Louisa, he at the same time requested her advice on the subject, by which he said, however it might affect his interests, he should implicitly abide.

Mrs. Newburgh, in whose eye might be traced the satisfaction of this disclosure, took the hand of her son, and pressing it with maternal tenderness, replied:

" You need fear nothing from my decision, my beloved son; your choice is such as does honour both to your feelings and your principles, and I think it will be a satisfaction to you to learn that it is one of all others, which I should have wished you to make. You know your mother too well, Montague, to think she would flatter you in this point more than in any other; and therefore when I tell you that I conceive Louisa Lenville to possess all the qualifications requisite to form the happiness of the man to whom she may give her heart, you may trust the sincerity of the observation. Built on the solid foundation of Christianity, her principles are pure and rational; her heart, which I believe to be all your own, is faithful and affectionate; her sense is strong and active, and her temper would defy the attacks of malice and envy to

shape its sweetness and conformity. She has, I believe, but one failing: that has, however, almost ceased to be one; and as you are perfectly aware of its existence, nothing is to be dreaded from its influence. I am alluding to that enthusiasm of feeling, which, wherever it exists, subjects its possessor to much uneasiness, and not unfrequently produces unpleasant effects. She is perfectly sensible of the existence of this foible, her endeavours are frequently very great to overcome it, and it is scarcely felt in the balance when weighed against the many virtues she possesses. Go then, my beloved son, go and secure the happiness you have pictured to yourself by an immediate application to the father of our beloved Louisa, and be assured that the heart of the tenderest of mothers will rejoice in your success, aud bless the Providence which has guided you in the choice of a wife."

Overcome with feelings of gratitude and tenderness for his mother, Montague could not reply to this address; but giving her the warm embrace of filial fondness, he retired to his own apartment to compose himself, and then proceeded to Mr. Lenville's.

The increasing attachment between Montague and Louisa had not passed unnoticed by the Lenvilles, nor

had the acquiescence which appeared so obviously in Mrs. Newburgh. Sensible, however, that in a worldly point of view the connection was such as the scantiness of their daughter's fortune would scarcely allow them to expect, they had been cautious of encouraging too lively hopes for the accomplishment of a project which they could not help forming for the happiness of their child. The present open and honourable application of Montague, who forgot not to express his mother's entire approbation of his attachment, relieved their fears, and confirmed their expectations on the subject, and their willing and joyful consent was soon added to that of his mother.

The consent of the lovely Louisa herself was the last, but not the least important which it was connected with Montague's happiness to obtain: he found her in the little alcove, in which as children they had often played, and beneath whose shelter the tender mother of the one, and the kind friend of the other, had frequently impressed the importance of those principles, on which had been erected the virtues, which now promised to bless their mutual and blameless love.. But few words were necessary to explain the feelings of either. Louisa could read in the countenance of Montague the sincerity of his professions; the consent of his mother, as well as that of her pa-

rents, was a sanction to his attachment, which she had no inclination to resist; and yielding her hand to Lord Penhurst as he took his seat by her side, she gave her blushing consent, resting her head gently on his shoulder. Montague kissed the hand which he pressed; he then conducted his beloved Louisa to his mother, who received her with a maternal embrace.

CHAP. LV.

Through each tender hour
See love parental watch the blooming flow'r!
By op'ning charms, by beauties fresh display'd,
And sweets unfolding, see that love repaid!

LYTTLETON.

FROM this time, which was about the latter end of the summer, bridal preparations were carried busily on, and the arrival of Major Bellamy from the army, was an occasion of additional interest to the inhabitants of the Undercliff. To his marriage with Elizabeth there now appeared no obstacle; but as his intended bride was anxious that it should be postponed till the spring, when Lord Penhurst, on completing his twenty-first year, was to receive the hand of Louisa, he consented to the delay, and spent the intermediate time alternately between his aunt's residence in Norfolk and that of Mrs. Newburgh in the Isle of Wight. Soon after this, General Manners and his nephew arrived; and in addition to the pleasure afforded them by a re-union with their friends, the prospect of the

connection which was likely to take place between their family and that of Mrs. Newburgh was a subject of additional satisfaction. The tender impression which General Manners had received from the contemplation of Mrs. Newburgh's virtues, during his last residence in England, although it had effectually guarded his heart from the approaches of any other attachment, had now subsided into a feeling which allowed the most open and cordial intercourse between him and his lovely friend; while Mrs. Newburgh rejoiced in a change, which permitted her to enjoy the society of so valuable an acquaintance.

In the mean time the improvements at Penhurst proceeded with vigour and rapidity. Farmer Stevens, to whom was left the superintendence of the workmen, was assiduous in the charge he had undertaken; and the occasional presence of Montague, who now and then spent a day or two at the Bull and Bear, gave additional spirit to the prosecution of the work.

About this time the old clergyman died, whose ill state of health for the few last months had been such a source of regret to the inhabitants of Penhurst. The living was in the gift of Montague, who considering that it would be a desirable thing for William Lenville,

asked his mother's advice on the propriety of offering it to him. He knew that Mr. Carlton expected preferment from another quarter, or he would have begged his acceptance of it; however, as it appeared very uncertain how soon that gentleman might be called to the possession of his expected living, he was prevailed on to hold Penhurst till William should be of age for orders. By this arrangement, Lord Penhurst conceived he was conferring a real benefit on the inhabitants; and before the close of the winter Mr. and Mrs. Carlton removed to their new residence, much to the regret of the neighbourhood where they had resided for the last ten years.

Although Mrs. Newburgh meant to take up her residence with her son at Penhurst, she determined to keep her cottage in the island, both on account of her attachment to the situation, and her son's partiality for the water: for as Montague's yacht had been again fitted up this summer, and as he meant to keep the two fishermen in constant pay who had been entrusted with its management from the time of its first coming into his possession, he hoped that in some succeeding summers he should have on board her many pleasant sails. The sons of Bowman and Batters were engaged as servants for the establishment at Penhurst; and as

Barlow on the projected remove was promised the guardianship of the Lodge, which was particularly acceptable to him, as he wished to marry the honest and faithful Betty, young Thomas Wake, who was grown an active young man, and who had a particular claim on the protection of Mrs. Newburgh, was engaged to take his place, to the no small delight both of himself and his father. Hopkins was also continued in the family, to which he was remarkable for his warm and steady attachment.

Every-thing being arranged for the celebration of the two marriages, and the day at length arriving on which Lord Penhurst entered on his majority, in the little church of which Mr. Carlton had been for so long a time the faithful pastor, were united the hands of Elizabeth and Major Bellamy, of Louisa and Lord Penhurst, amidst a circle of rejoicing friends, who saw in both unions the fair prospects of calm domestic happiness. The day was made one of jubilee to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, and on the next both the nuptial parties left the island; Major and Mrs. Bellamy for the house of the former in Norfolk; Lord and Lady Penhurst, with their beloved and tender mother, to the family-seat in Sussex.

The villagers at Penhurst were assembled to receive them; the bells from the slender spire sounded a congratulatory peal as they approached, the gentle shade of evening shed a calm and soft serenity around, and every thing conspired to heighten the feelings of pleasure and delight with which Lord Penhurst introduced his lovely bride to the seat of his ancestors. Louisa, whose feelings were always lively, received the embrace of her husband as he welcomed her to Penhurst with a glow of the fondest and most grateful affection, and Mrs. Newburgh blessed the Providence that had made her a mother, and had given her son a wife, whom she delighted in calling her daughter.

The happy influence of the residence of Lord Penhurst on his estate was shortly visible in the neighbourhood; his affectionate and interesting wife was soon a favourite in every cottage, and Mrs. Newburgh, who was looked up to by her son and daughter as the author under Providence of all their taste for the quiet and rational enjoyment of domestic happiness, was equally the object of veneration and respect.

In a few weeks the Lenvilles paid the bridal visit to their daughter and son-in-law, and were received with the greatest marks of affection and kindness. General

Manners and his younger nephew also were frequent visitors, and William always spent a part of the vacations at Penhurst. Admiral Courley did not forget "to hoist his flag" very soon on board the "line of battle ship;" and Captain Berkeley and his mother were always welcome and desirable visitors. To the great joy of the Penhurst family, Major Bellamy purchased an estate in the neighbourhood, where he designed to pass the summer months, and which gave an opportunity for the continuation of the friendship which subsisted between Lady Penhurst and Mrs. Bellamy, and which had been formed on the solid basis of esteem.

Thus in the establishment of Montague at Penhurst, and in his marriage with an amiable and well-principled young woman, were crowned the hopes of Mrs. Newburgh in regard to her son, as far as they could be in this transitory life. Thus had she the satisfaction of seeing the unremitting exertions she had used in forming his heart to virtue, and leading him to hopes of happiness beyond the grave, rewarded by his attaining with his years of maturity as high a degree of perfection, as is consistent with the frailties and infirmities of the human heart. With overflowing feelings of gratitude she acknowledged the first spring of all the comfort

and happiness, thus as it were returned to her, as a reward for her imperfect endeavours to bear affliction with Christian humility and patience, and for her exertions in the discharge of her maternal duties. Almost as much attached to Louisa as she was to Montague, both of whom were indebted to her for the good principles they possessed, and to whom she looked for the comfort of her present state of vigour, and for the support of her sinking years, she considered both united as the most precious gift of Heaven; and if, now and then, a tear would start at the remembrance of her beloved husband, the pressure of Montague's hand, whose quick eye never failed to observe his mother's emotion, would drive it from her face; or the kiss of Louisa, directed by the tender glance of her husband to their beloved mother, would instantly divert her melancholy, and occasion a grateful smile for the watchful attention of her children.

While such were the feelings of Mrs. Newburgh, as lively and interesting were those of her son and his lovely wife. Preserving her natural and unalterable affection for her own family, the attachment of Louisa towards Mrs. Newburgh both as the instructress and guide of her youth, and as the mother of her beloved Montague, was ardent and sincere; and

it was exhibited in the respectful attention with which she treated her, and the deference she always paid to her opinion: by her she was guided in all points where experience gave superiority to her capacity for offering her advice; and under her direction she learnt those requisite qualifications for the discharge of the duties of her station, which her own youth and inexperience might otherwise have been impediments to fulfilling with propriety.

In this willing submission to her mother-in-law, Louisa knew she was gratifying the feelings of her husband, and his gratification was the first spring of all her actions. Sensible of the violence of her own feelings, rather than they should lead her into extravagance, she would look to the calm eye of Montague for direction; and if she found them for a moment rise beyond their proper elevation, she would take his hand which bore the mark of her early passion, and tenderly kissing it immediately calm her emotion. Happy and grateful for the blessings she enjoyed, she endeavoured to extend their influence to those around her; and although in the midst of all her enjoyment she was sensible that in being united to a sailor, whose courage, she was aware, would never let him lurk inglorious at home, whenever his exertions were re-

quired by his country, the time might come when the sum of her happiness might be removed far away, and her anxious tenderness be awakened into solicitude on his account, she would not allow the anticipation of such an event to throw a cloud over the happiness she enjoyed. She was thankful for the possession of such a husband;

"But while her love, her faith to him were giv'n,
"She left his fate submissively to Heav'n."

In regard to Montague, happy in the possession of the affections of a woman whose worth was every day more apparent, and whose attachment it was his constant study to repay with increasing tenderness; in the society of a mother, for whose care and attentions he could never make an adequate return, and whose affection seemed equally divided between him and his beloved Louisa; in the pleasing consciousness of being the restorer of those comforts to the inhabitants of Penhurst, of which they had been deprived since the death of his grand-father; and above all, happy in the protection of that Power to whose goodness he owed the many blessings he enjoyed, and whose Mercy looked with complacency on his humble endeavours to fill with credit and honour the station of life which had been

marked out for him; he felt, and properly estimated, the large share of prosperity which surrounded him.

Anxious to be a blessing to others, while he was himself indulged with all the delights of domestic happiness and conjugal felicity, and while he had at his own command every species of pleasure and enjoyment. he resolved to take advantage of the leisure which the peace afforded, to reside a greater part of the year on his estate, to become the friend and protector of the men from whose labour the prosperity of his lands proceeded, to listen to all their little wants and distresses, to relieve where relief was wanting, to give comfort to those who required consolation, to settle differences where any existed, and in short to keep up that proper but reciprocal feeling of interest between himself and his tenantry, which, oftener cultivated, would be better for the interests of both, better for society, better for the country!

Yet amidst all this enjoyment which he possessed through the medium of his mother, and as heir to the coronet of Penhurst, he forgot not the profession of his father: he remembered, to use the words of his late uncle, that the anchor of his father was emblazoned with the coronet of his mother; and although the

latter was now peaceably settled on his brow, and he was enjoying its honours and advantages in security and independence, he was always prepared, should his king or his country require his services, to rest his honour and fame on the former, to leave his mother and his wife under the care of Heaven, and again to share the dangers and honours of the British Navy.

FINIS.

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